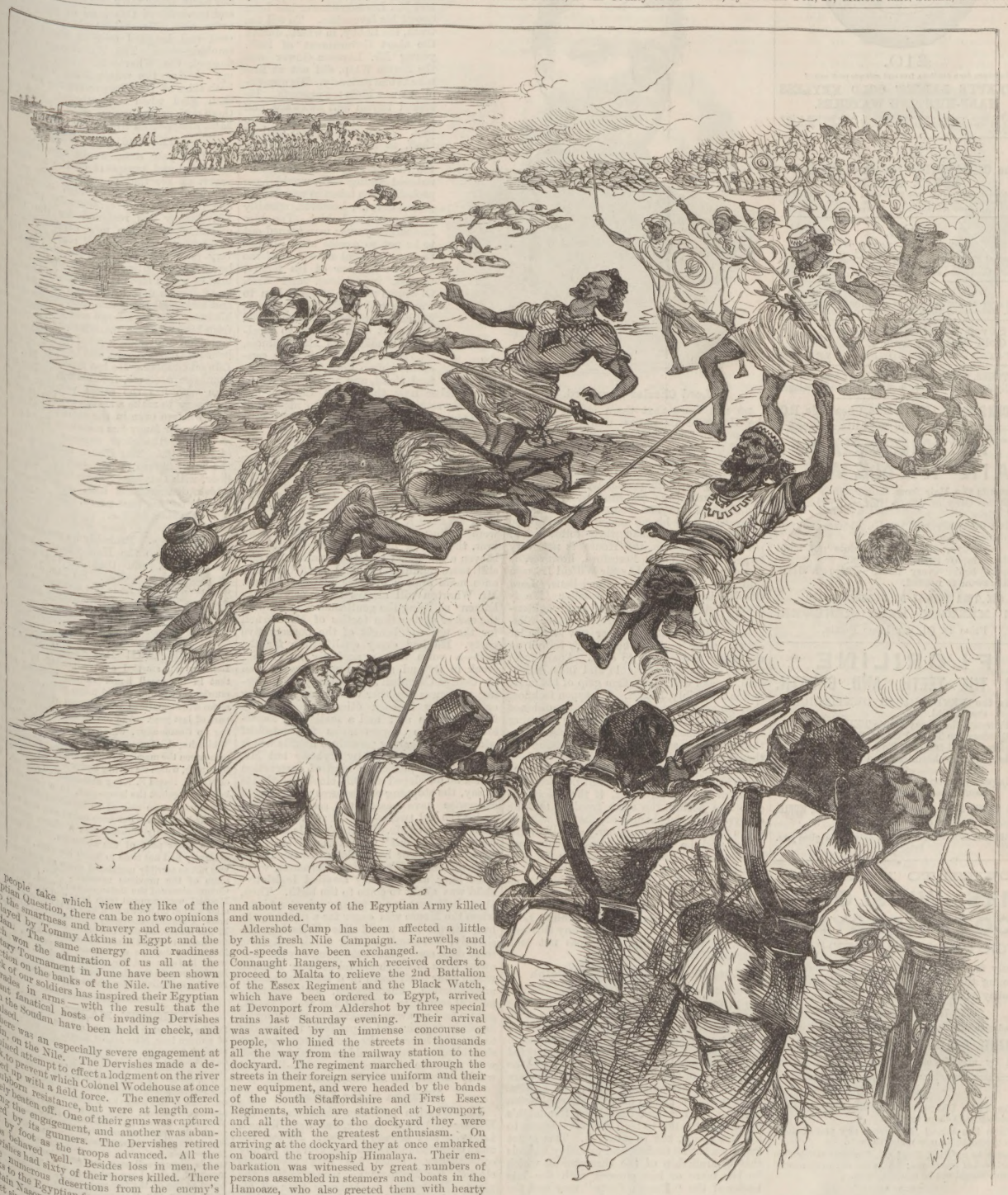
No. 1468.—Vol. 57

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

July 20, 1889

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by Thomas Fox, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, aforesaid.



ANGLO-EGYPTIAN TROOPS STEMMING THE TIDE OF THE SOUDANESE INVASION OF EGYPT: A FIGHT ON THE NILE.

Let people take which view they like of the Egyptian Question, there can be no two opinions as to the smartness and bravery and endurance displayed by Tommy Atkins in Egypt and the Soudan. The same energy and readiness which won the admiration of us all at the Military Tournament in June have been shown in action on the banks of the Nile. The native valour of our soldiers has inspired their Egyptian comrades in arms—with the result that the vast fanatical hosts of invading Dervishes from the Soudan have been held in check, and repulsed.

There was an especially severe engagement at Argin, on the Nile. The Dervishes made a determined attempt to effect a lodgment on the river bank, to prevent which Colonel Wodehouse at once moved up with a field force. The enemy offered a stubborn resistance, but were at length completely beaten off. One of their guns was captured during the engagement, and another was abandoned by its gunners. The Dervishes retired in good order as the troops advanced. All the Dervishes behaved well. Besides loss in men, the enemy lost sixty of their horses killed. There were numerous desertions from the enemy's ranks to the Egyptian force. Our casualties were slight since extracted at Wady Halfa, where the wounded captain was doing well—Lieutenant Cunningham, a slight spear-wound in the wrist, and about seventy of the Egyptian Army killed and wounded.

Aldershot Camp has been affected a little by this fresh Nile Campaign. Farewells and god-speeds have been exchanged. The 2nd Connaught Rangers, which received orders to proceed to Malta to relieve the 2nd Battalion of the Essex Regiment and the Black Watch, which have been ordered to Egypt, arrived at Devonport from Aldershot by three special trains last Saturday evening. Their arrival was awaited by an immense concourse of people, who lined the streets in thousands all the way from the railway station to the dockyard. The regiment marched through the streets in their foreign service uniform and their new equipment, and were headed by the bands of the South Staffordshire and First Essex Regiments, which are stationed at Devonport, and all the way to the dockyard they were cheered with the greatest enthusiasm. On arriving at the dockyard they at once embarked on board the troopship Himalaya. Their embarkation was witnessed by great numbers of persons assembled in steamers and boats in the Hamoaze, who also greeted them with hearty cheering. The Himalaya left Plymouth about seven o'clock on Sunday morning. The troops are under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Burnbury, and number, including officers and non-commissioned officers, nearly a thousand men.

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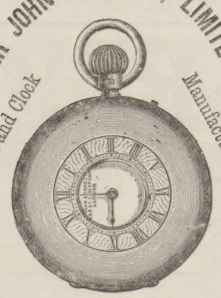

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SMILES.

The First Chapter in the history of a young woman's love is chap. won.

When the Small Boy gets a new pair of shoes there is something new under the son.

There is a Good Deal of Humour written on the subject of marriages; but, after all, matrimonial matches should not be made light of.

Would you have your baby
Healthy, bright, and good?
Nurse it well and feed it
On DR. RIDGE'S FOOD.—[ADVT.]

RAILWAY SERVANTS.—Signalmen. Engine-Drivers, Porters, and others, who have frequently long intervals of work between meals, should drink CADBURY'S COCOA, a sustaining beverage, agreeable and comforting, during long spells of work. Beware of imitations.—[ADVT.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All Artistic and Literary communications for this Journal should be addressed to the Editor of THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and should be accompanied by the name and address of the sender, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, THOMAS FOX, 10, Milford-lane, Strand, London.

PERSONAL POLITICS

Lord Charles Beresford.

I DO not know that there is any member the House of Commons would be sorrier to lose than Lord Charles Beresford. Favourites of the House are not always the strong party men. Sometimes they are, sometimes they are not. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Smith are both personally popular, and so, of course, was Sir Stafford Northcote. Mr. Balfour and Mr. John Morley, on the other hand, are by no means typical House of Commons men, and their following of personal friends in the House is not very large. Lord Charles Beresford, however, is popular everywhere. As Sir Wilfrid Lawson said the other day at Maryl bone, Lord Charles is a kind of stage sailor He is always "shivering his timbers" and ' ghtening his slacks," and performing other allegorical actions which I never saw any sailor off the stage perform, but which sailors on the stage never seem to omit. Apart from this he is an extremely able and independent man, speaks well, has a firm grip of his facts, and is invincibly honest. I happen to know that he retired mainly because he did not want it to be thought that either by opposing the Government or by supporting them through thick and thin he was angling for the command that he undoubtedly desires. So he leaves the House of Commons in order to be in a perfectly independent position, and to allow the Government, if they decide to give him a ship, the same freedom that he enjoys. But the chances are that he will not retire from politics altogether. He likes the House well, he always gets an audience, and he is extremely anxious to carry on his programme of naval reform. At the end of three years it is not unlikely that Mr. Boulnois will retire in his favour, and then the handsome Charley, an Admiral by that time, will be back in his old seat behind Lord Randolph, making it warm for any Government, Liberal or Tory, that does not look after the Navy.

Lord Charles and Lord Randolph

Perhaps another reason why Lord Charles has retired at this juncture is that he is in some doubt as to what his relations with Lord Randolph Churchill should be. The two men are very staunch private friends, and to a very large extent Lord Charles has acted under the guidance, or at all events the suggestion, of the stronger man and the more experienced statesman. But on the other hand the sailor has an idea that the politician is going too far, and that Lord Randolph's main object is not to help the Government to a better policy, but to smash it. This is not exactly what he desires, and probably he feels that comradeship of the character in which he has more or less entered with the late leader of the "Fourth Party" may lead the present Administration into deep waters without obtaining for the Navy the reforms which, in spite of the new naval programme and the Commission on Naval Defences, have not yet been secured for it. This is what Lord Charles feels acutely. On the whole, then, while it is necessary for him to leave his seat in order to qualify for the post of Admiral, there are several reasons why he is glad to be out of a battle where there was too much cross-firing to please so very artless a political tactician.

Mr. George Leveson-Gower.

Mr. George Leveson-Gower, the Liberal candidate for East Marylebone, is one of the large knot of young men in whom Mr. Gladstone takes a friendly interest. He belongs to one of the old Whig families in whose society Mr. Gladstone, the Radical statesman, has lived for the greater part of his life, but who have had, on the whole, so little influence on his career. Mr. Gladstone has always been a great friend to young men, and Mr. Leveson-Gower has been one of his favourites. To tell the truth, the Lobby, in which, during the short Government of 1886, young Mr. Leveson-Gower was the fourth Whip, did not at first take to him seriously. His appearance was a little too uncouth. He looked boyish and awkward, and politics was obviously very new to him. There was a good deal of chaff, in fact, about "My dear George," which, if it had got to the ears of that extremely good-natured young man, would have probably been taken in very kindly part. George, however, speedily won over the Lobby. The big, lumbering young man turned out to be not so *gauche* after all, but to have a liberal allowance of the wit and humour of his family, modest, industrious, and able. Of course no one expects him to win the seat at East Marylebone, but he will, probably, make a good fight of it even against so excellent a candidate as Mr. Boulnois, who was to have been the candidate before Lord Charles Beresford stood, and will probably be the member now that Lord Charles has definitely retired. However, the nephew of Lord Granville is not likely long to want a seat.

"The Member for Bridport."

I see that Mr. Wharton's name is turning up again. Mr. Wharton is now the Attorney-General for West Australia, and he has lately been at loggerheads with his Government as to the amount of his pension. He wanted it fixed at £400 a year, and the Government were willing to give him only £300. However, the matter has been settled, and there is even a likelihood that the familiar face and still more familiar hat and snuff-box may once more appear in their familiar haunts. Mr. Wharton will always be known in Parliamen. as being the gentleman who adapted the ear. er obstruction tactics of Mr. Parnell for the use and benefit of the Conservative party. He had every qualification for the post—a voice with a perfectly maddening croak in it, and several tones harsher than Sir George Campbell's; a capacity for stringing sentences together without any meaning or relevancy to each other; a perfectly imperturbable air; and a malignant knowledge of the opportunities for mischief which Parliamentary procedure affords which has never been equalled by anybody but Mr. Biggar. The particular kind of obstruction which he developed was Bill-blocking—that is to say, the stopping of measures which would otherwise have passed the second reading under the old twelve-o'clock rule. But that was only one of Mr. Wharton's little arts. He was a "talker out" as well as a blocker, and the great scene of his exploits was the House of Commons on Wednesday afternoons, when some long and tenderly awaited legislative child was about to come to the birth. Then, about half-past five or twenty minutes to six, when the House was eager for a division, the huge steeple hat would slide off the big, unshapely, but comic-looking head, and from some dark corner above the gangway the most awful voice to which mortal ear ever listened would pour itself forth in a strain of utterly unintelligible, unconnected, and ungrammatical sentences. The House would laugh, get up and go away, apparently throw up its hands in despair, and at precisely ten minutes to six the hoarse voice would stop, the last shambling sentence would be unfinished, and, with a hoarse chuckle, the wizard-like hat would reappear on Mr. Wharton's head.

Wharton in the Lobby.

Mr. Wharton had two characters in the House—first as a blocker, and secondly as a Lobbyist and private member. He was the most eccentric individual that ever sat for any constituency. Since his first mysterious election for Bridport he never visited the place. He was at loggerheads with all his supporters, who were perpetually sending him up letters, resolutions, warnings, entreaties, threats, and orders to resign. To none of these did Mr. Wharton pay the slightest attention. He subscribed to none of the local charities, he neglected all local duties, he flouted Bridport as the little Dorsetshire constituency was never flouted before. He occupied his time in the House of Commons standing in the middle of the lobby with his huge straight hat on the back of his head, his legs far apart, and wielding (there is no other word for it) the gigantic snuffbox. This snuff-box he would offer to all comers, whether he knew them or not, and indeed with a slight preference to people whom he did not know rather than to those he did.

It is on record that he once offered Mr. Gladstone a pinch, and that Mr. Gladstone, though he does not snuff, cordially accepted Mr. Wharton's courtesy. The other gift which endeared him in some strange kind of way to the House of Commons, was his capacity for rolling off doggrel verses of a not particularly tasty description. Hundreds and hundreds of this kind of doggrel verses came from Mr. Wharton's pen, and were read and laughed over in the Lobby and smoking-room. The Whartonian pen never flagged, the Whartonian fancy never gave up. And on the whole I am not sure that both sides of the House were not more sorry than glad when a gentleman who owned these curious and varied gifts of speech and habit disappeared from their midst.

The Radical "Whip."

I told you some weeks ago about the formation and prospects of the new Radical party. I see that the papers are now full of the matter, and I also observe that one of the papers erroneously states that Mr. Jacoby has resigned for the post of second whip to the new organisation. Mr. Jacoby has no intention of retiring. He is a very prominent figure in the new party, and he means to continue so. Moreover, he is a man of whom more is likely to be heard. He is of Jewish descent, though not of religion, and he has all the active, pushing qualities of his race. He has a large and growing income from his great lace manufactory at Nottingham, he entertains a good deal at his pretty house at Queen s-gate, and he is a well-known Liberal Clubber. He has found in Mr. Philip Stanhope a clever, interesting, rather erratic man who has the social position which is necessary to make a successful leader of guerilla warfare even in the House of Commons, and popular fancy has somehow fixed on him as one of the chief engines to drive the new machine. The House laughs a little as the bulky figure of Mr. Jacoby traverses the floor, with that queer little short, rapid step which distinguishes him, and proceeds to "tell" for his new party. But "he laughs best who laughs last"; and Mr. Jacoby is not the kind of man who is likely to be laughed down. Probably he remembers that fifty years ago the House laughed at Lord Beaconsfield, and that in the end Lord Beaconsfield succeeded. So Mr. Jacoby goes on; and, though he is not a speaker of much account, his energies, organising ability, and *savoir faire* are likely to bring him out well in the end. THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

"JACK THE RIPPER" AGAIN.

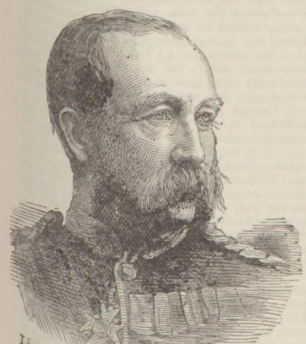
LONDON was startled on Wednesday by the news that in the small hours of the morning another murder and mutilation had taken place, similar to the series which alarmed Whitechapel during the latter part of last year. As Constable Andrews was passing up Castle-alley, which leads into High-street, Whitechapel, at about ten minutes to one o'clock, he came upon the murdered and mutilated body of an unfortunate, which was lying under a gas-lamp in front of Messrs. David S. King and Sons' warehouse. The body lay against the lamp-post, in a pool of blood. The woman, who seemed to be about forty years of age, had her throat cut from ear to ear, and two deep gashes, evidently inflicted with a sharp instrument, in the lower part of the abdomen. The murderer evidently had not time to finish his work, as the body was not so terribly mutilated there as was the case in some of the previous murders. Mr. Monro, Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, and Colonel Monsell were aroused from bed, and were in Castle-alley within an hour and a half of the discovery of the body. A few suspected men were arrested, but released. It has transpired that the police have during the past few weeks received letters signed "Jack the Ripper," intimating that he would recommence his terrible work in July; and Mr. Albert Backert, who took a leading part in the vigilance proceedings of last year, received a similar letter about three weeks ago.

FLIGHTY MABEL LOVE.

So the fair young burlesque actress, with the wealth of auburn hair, Miss Mabel Love, was the heroine of another sensation on Tuesday. 'Twas but the other day, it seems, that *The Penny Illustrated Paper* contained a portrait of this little vivandière from "Faust Up to Date," apropos of the public airing of one of her mysterious flittings to Dublin. At an early hour on Tuesday morning the flighty girl apparently had attempted suicide. She jumped into the Thames off Whitehall Stairs, but was soon rescued. She had played her part as usual on Monday night at the Gaiety Theatre. No sufficient cause was forthcoming for her rash act. But it is to be hoped the coroner's lecture will stop for good the eccentric movements of Mabel Love, whose mother will be remembered as one of the fair and comely front-rank choristers when the "sacred lamp of burlesque" was first lit at the Gaiety by Mr. John Hollingshead.

TO STUDENTS.—To all those who burn the "Midnight Oil," engaged in mental labour, we would recommend CADBURY'S COCOA; its comforting, exhilarating, sustaining powers are extraordinary. Beware of imitations.—[ADVT.]

FACTS AND FACES.



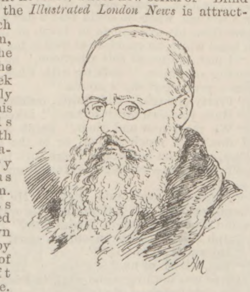
Lieut.-General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., one of the ablest, as he is one of the bravest, officers in the Queen's service, is proving himself to be the right man in the right place as the Commander of the Aldershot Division. An exceptionally alert and vigilant man, rather below the middle height, Sir Evelyn Wood is also remarkable for his frankness and geniality. That the distinguished General who began his fighting life as an officer in Peel's dashing Naval Brigade in the Crimea has likewise some of the stern qualities which are part and parcel of a great soldier was sufficiently proved by his trenchant lesson to the officers under his command at Aldershot last Saturday. A Master himself of the Art of War, Evelyn Wood naturally felt indignant at the apathy and dilatoriness exhibited by one or two conspicuous offenders. He, accordingly, scathingly censured them for the faults committed during the Aldershot Manœuvres of Saturday. Doubtless the lesson taught them by the gallant General who has fought in the Crimea and in India, in Ashantee, Zululand, and in Egypt, will not be thrown away. A little more outspokenness of this kind, and officers and men will unquestionably be even better prepared than they are to take the field when called upon.

The "Black Watch" are ordered to proceed from Malta to Egypt, in case General Grenfell may need further Reinforcements to repel the Dervish horde essaying to invade Egypt. It is clear we are in for another small Nile Campaign; and the valiant "Black Watch" are again called upon to pluck the flower of safety from the nettle danger. The plucky 42nd will be relieved at Malta by the 2nd Connaught Rangers, the departure of which regiment from Aldershot Camp and its arrival at Devonport on Saturday last occasioned the customary demonstrations. The Sirdar, General Sir F. W. Grenfell, on his side, made a rapid journey up the Nile to confer with Colonel Wodehouse at Abu Simbel. It is, meanwhile, satisfactory to learn that in the encounters that have taken place between the Anglo-Egyptian troops and the Dervishes, led by Wad-el-Nejoomi—whose "long, thick line" was estimated to be two miles long, and to consist of 5000 men and 300 camels—the native Egyptians have fought as well as their British officers. It looks, indeed, as if that "long, thick line" would be exterminated. What an appalling sum total of blood and treasure has been lost since that first fatal shot was fired on the forts of Alexandria in 1882!

Millet's "Angelus." This famous picture, sold a few days ago in Paris, brought the painter only £70 and has just fetched twenty-two thousand. A friend of mine visited Millet at Fontainebleau, and spoke to him of the poetic feeling of his pictures of peasant life. Millet remarked, "I have lived their life, and know their feelings. When I have been painting these subjects I have wandered about the fields at all hours trying to think as they think, and to feel as they feel, so as to thoroughly comprehend how Nature and life affect them. Whatever merit there is in 'The Angelus,' and other works must be in the result of this realistic spirit."

Wilkie Collins,

the eminent novelist, whose new serial of "Blind Love" in the *Illustrated London News* is attracting so much attention, was at the close of the past week so seriously ill that his friends were with good reason very anxious about him. He was prostrated in his town house by paralysis of the left side. Greatly to the surprise, possibly, of that undervaluer of novels, yet gainer by their sale, the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, her Majesty made sympathetic inquiry as to Mr. Wilkie Collins's progress; and at the commencement of the week the Queen, in common with the reading millions of her Majesty's subjects—grateful to Wilkie Collins for charming their cares away—learnt with gratification that the great writer was better. Unless a relapse takes place, there is now, happily, every hope that Wilkie Collins will recover in his Wimpole-street abode.



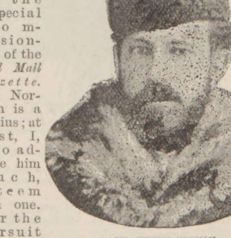
WILKIE COLLINS.

Wilkie Collins's Nervousness.

I am afraid Wilkie Collins overtaxed his strength, for on the few occasions when I have met him I thought he had a particularly sensitive, nervous organisation, which ought not to be subjected to any severe strain. As a proof of this I will mention a little incident which came under my own observation at a soirée for some charitable purpose. Mr. Wilkie Collins happened to be present, and was requested to read one of his own tales. I could plainly see that the novelist was disturbed; but it was always difficult for the author of "The Woman in White" to say "No" when he could give pleasure to others. A volume was fetched and placed upon a music-stand, and Mr. Collins selected "The Terribly Strange Bed," one of his most ingenious and exciting short tales; but he was so nervous that he failed to do justice to his own powerful conception. Another feature in his character which has come under my notice is his extremely humane disposition. There does not exist a man who has a greater horror of all that is cruel and brutal. Thousands will join me in the hope that he may soon be himself again.

Henry Norman.

One of the most talented of English journalists, as I said last week, is Mr. Henry Norman, who is now touring round the world as the "Special Commissioner" of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Norman is a genius; at least, I, who admire him much, esteem him one. For the pursuit of journalism he possesses an equipment which the majority of his colleagues must envy. He was born in Leicester, and it was in his father's house that Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, lay concealed from the police at a critical period of the movement. He went to school in France, thence to study at Harvard University (U.S.), where he assisted in the production of a Greek play, and thence to Heidelberg. He afterwards returned to Harvard, and became for a short time a minister of the Unitarian Church. His career in English journalism commenced with articles in the *Spectator*, but he early joined the *Pall Mall Gazette* staff. During Mr. Stead's famous incarceration in Holloway Jail Mr. Norman acted as assistant-editor of the paper, and later he wrote from Ireland the powerful Bodyke eviction letters which were much discussed in the House of Commons. His journey round the world has not attracted the public so much as was hoped. Henry's hand seems to have lost some of its cunning whilst flirting among the fair daughters of America and the bewitching ladies of Japan. However, he is now on his homeward journey—or, at least, is somewhere between China and India. What joy there will be in many London circles when Henry comes back to relate his unwritten experiences—so much more lively than those which the *Pall Mall Gazette* has published! Norman is a veritable Admirable Crichton. He can row, swim, shoot, and dance, play the violin and piano, read Greek and Latin with facility, has control of many modern tongues, can manipulate the type-writer and the photographic apparatus. And he is only thirty-two. It is clear that some day, although no St. Anthony, Henry will be canonised—indeed, he is.



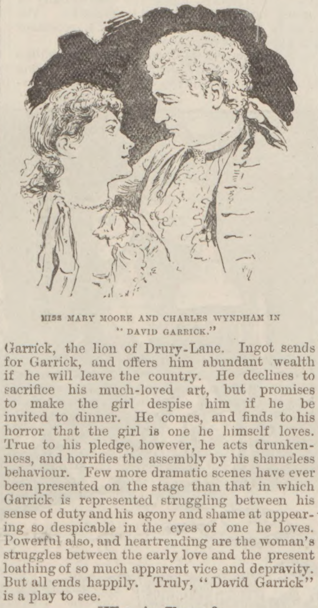
MR. HENRY NORMAN.

Charles Wyndham.

I went the other evening to see a revival of "David Garrick" at the Criterion Theatre, and was more charmed than ever by the fine play, the pretty theatre, and by the splendid acting of Mr. Wyndham, Mr. David James, and Miss Mary Moore. Surely Mr. Wyndham is the most remarkable figure on the English stage. He commenced life as a doctor, and holds the degree of M.D. He served as a surgeon in the American Civil War, and played Hamlet on the New York stage to the Osric of John Wilkes Booth (the assassin of President Lincoln). Then he has twice performed in Berlin—in 1875 in "Brighton," and ten years later in "David Garrick." For this his early education in Germany particularly fitted him. Germany, by-the-way, is supposed to be the home of the drama. I wonder, however, how many English actors can speak German!

"David Garrick."

It is strange that "David Garrick" should have succeeded in Berlin and St. Petersburg. There is something peculiarly British about it, one would think. Many of my readers know the story, but others in the country do not. Old Simon Ingot (David James) is a wealthy merchant, whose only daughter, Ada (Miss Mary Moore), is stage-struck, and deeply in love with Garrick, the lion of Drury-Lane. Ingot sends for Garrick, and offers him abundant wealth if he will leave the country. He declines to sacrifice his much-loved art, but promises to make the girl despise him if he be invited to dinner. He comes, and finds to his horror that the girl is one he himself loves. True to his pledge, however, he acts drunkenness, and horrifies the assembly by his shameless behaviour. Few more dramatic scenes have ever been presented on the stage than that in which Garrick is represented struggling between his sense of duty and his agony and shame at appearing so despicable in the eyes of one he loves. Powerful also, and heartrending are the woman's struggles between the early love and the present loathing of so much apparent vice and depravity. But all ends happily. Truly, "David Garrick" is a play to see.



MISS MARY MOORE AND CHARLES WYNDHAM IN "DAVID GARRICK."

Who is Ibsen?

There is a craze just now about Ibsen. Yet few of those who are discussing his theories of dramatic art know anything about him. Henrik Ibsen is a popular Norwegian dramatic author who was born, in 1828, at Skien, a little port on the southern coast of Norway. He began his career in a very lowly condition as assistant to a druggist at Grimstad, and at the age of twenty-one wrote a tragedy called "Catilina." He failed to do anything with the tragedy, but managed to get an introduction to the stage through Ole Bull, the popular violinist, and in 1851 got an appointment as stage manager at the National Theatre in Bergen. He kept this post until 1859, and wrote several plays, but won no success with them; but in the following year he became director of the Christiania Theatre, and produced "Fru Inger til Ostraat" ("Dame Inger of Ostraat"). But although this was favourably received, Ibsen did not gain much fame, until he published "Love's Comedy," a play in verse, in 1863. After its publication Ibsen quitted Norway, and the tone of his plays is rather that of Italy and Germany than Norway, for he has resided mainly at Rome and Dresden. He married a daughter of the Norwegian novelist Magdalene Thoresen, and has lived abroad, although still keeping to Norwegian subjects in his plays. I have seen his portrait, which depicts a reserved, keen, and somewhat cynical expression, a high intellectual forehead, and small piercing eyes. He has written a great number of plays, among them "The Pillars of Society," produced this week, and "The Doll's House," which has caused so much discussion. One of them is "The Pretenders," and is historical, relating to the struggle for the Norwegian Crown. "Love's Comedy" would, perhaps, please English playgoers best of any on account of its domestic sentiment. In it "woman's higher life" is much discussed.

Mr. Arthur Roberts.

At his recent benefit Mr. Arthur Roberts announced that he would shortly undertake the duties of management. His has been a singular career, his first start in life being as a lawyer's clerk, and I could tell incidents of his earlier life as comical as scenes in Dickens's novels. Mr. Arthur Roberts—his name is John, but no matter—has told me that in his youth he was of a romantic disposition—not at all comic; but he was fond of singing, and a song at an amateur concert being heard by the proprietor of a suburban music-hall, Mr. Roberts was offered a modest engagement. But how to combine the profits of the music-hall with the grave duties of a lawyer's clerk was a difficult problem, especially as the first music-hall engagement led to others, and the halls were many a mile apart. He wished for some sort of conveyance, but could not afford the purchase, yet obtained it at length in a singular manner. Mrs. Roberts met with a slight injury in a railway accident, and received as compensation twenty pounds, which sum went for the purchase of a pony and trap, and with his "properties" in an egg-box the future comedian drove from one music-hall to another until he went on tour with Mr. Howard Paul, and quite by accident he appeared on the stage of the Cambridge Music-Hall to supply the place of an absent performer. His success was immense. He told me that when first he went on the stage he sadly missed the enthusiasm and the cordial greetings of the music-hall, but all that is changed. So are the little pony and the primitive trap, and the "properties" in the egg-box. The brougham of Mr. Arthur Roberts is quite an elegant vehicle, and his home surroundings indicate that it is not a bad thing to be a popular comedian in these days.

ARTHUR ROBERTS.

THE PROMPTER.

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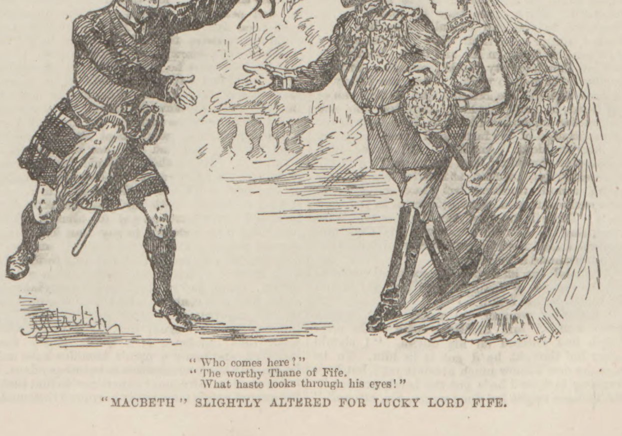


"Who comes here?"
"The worthy Thane of Fife.
What haste looks through his eyes!"

"MACBETH" SLIGHTLY ALTERED FOR LUCKY LORD FIFE.

A GAME OF BLUFF.

BY HENRY MURRAY,

AUTHOR OF "MONKEY-MEPHISTO," AND JOINT AUTHOR OF "A DANGEROUS CATSPAW."

CHAPTER VIII.

In the most poignant and tremendous dramas of real life there are moments of calm. When the curtain falls on a stage play, and hides the hero or heroine to whom some amazing piece of good or evil fortune has declared itself, the actor quits the posture and accent of surprise or joy or terror which gave the signal for its descent, and immediately resumes the carriage and tone customary to him in common with other less interesting mortals. So those individuals whom Fate, the great stage-manager, has cast for prominent parts in the never-ending life-drama in which we are all actors, have their entr'actes, their moments of rest. In the theatre Desdemona goes tranquilly to her dressing-room and drinks a glass of bottled porter to revive her forces for the final act, or thinks about the baby whom she has left ailing at home, undisturbed by her knowledge of the fate impending over her. She knows what awaits her in the mimic world behind the footlights; but neither she nor we, her fellow-actors in the greater drama, know or can guess its future incidents, which is surely well for us. But we shall answer to our cues when they are spoken, and go on fearlessly and play our different parts with wonderful naturalness, and take our tributes of cheers or hisses, or maybe of cold silence, and go home to bed beneath the green coverlet under which the stars and supers of many a moving drama are already peacefully asleep.

Ralph had arrived at one of these quiet periods, and the play in which he was a prominent performer came for a month or two to an apparent standstill. For a little time he found life at Becksford to the full as dull as he had anticipated, duller even than when Sir George had been hanging between life and death, for then he had had Tom's society at odd moments. In pure vacuity he turned to work. There was plenty to be done, for the late Baronet had been a man of the times in matters which interested him, and had, at the moment of his death, been busy in the reorganisation of his farms and plant according to modern ideas. Anything was better than purposeless brooding, and Ralph made a virtue of necessity, and worked, at first for forgetfulness of his various troubles, but more and more as time went on from a growing interest in the work itself. There is no anodyne like labour. With something to do which absorbs his time and thought a man needs cease to brood over debts or an unfortunate attachment.

Arkinstall was at first rather sceptical concerning the reports of his subaltern brought to him by Richards, the bailiff.

"A reg'lar wunner to work, that young gentleman is," said Richards, some weeks after Ralph had entered on his duties. "I should never ha' thought he'd got it in him. To be sure, he don't know much about it yet; but he's learning fast, and he's got the headpiece for 't. Sir Thomas might ha' done worse, Sir, after all."

"New brooms sweep clean," was the old gentleman's unspoken comment on this encomium, but meanwhile his manner towards Ralph softened perceptibly. The boy was working well and honestly, so far. And the gravest of Arkinstall's doubts about the results of his stay in the neighbourhood was quite at rest. He had settled before the first month was over that he had been altogether mistaken in his fears for Elsie. Ralph never came near the house except on unavoidable occasions, and, the business which explained his visit arranged, seemed actually glad to leave it. That little scene by the brook had fairly frightened him, and he avoided Elsie as assiduously as he had formerly sought her, and did his best to banish her from his mind, with small success. In the lengthening evenings, when the day's work was over, Becksford found very little in the way of occupation or amusement for Ralph, whose tastes were not overstudious, and thoughts of Elsie filled a good portion of those unoccupied hours. She was pretty enough, and good enough, to inspire a very warm affection simply by the influence of those gifts; but to Ralph the impossibility of winning her made her doubly beautiful. The certainty that she loved him was a poisonous pleasure of most exquisite savour.

For the moment at least his money troubles were over. The five hundred distributed among his creditors had quieted them, and the knowledge that he was assured of a certain income made them hopeful of the complete settlement of their claims, and inclined them to patience. Every day, of course, brought nearer the moment when the forged bill must be met; but it was yet distant enough not to trouble him much. And keeping a watchful eye on the sporting papers, he saw that Peppercorn's price was shortening, and, with such an incentive to look at the cheerful side of things financial, Ralph was not the man to meet trouble half-way. But for that persistent thought of Elsie he might have been fairly happy. Even as it was, if he could only redeem the bill he began to see the possibility of a fair measure of prosperity.

In his loneliness he had bethought himself of Dick, and had given that industrious young journalist a standing invitation to run down to Becksford at what times he chose. Dick was not at all of an envious nature, but he had been a little exercised in mind about Ralph's sudden good fortune, and had his own thoughts concerning it. His rather sardonic humour was stirred by the spectacle of this lazy elder brother of his, whom all the world seemed in a conspiracy to furnish with the ease and prosperity he would never have earned for himself. Dick had never been beholden to any man for an unearned penny since his schooldays, and as a consequence the world had left him to fight his own battles, which at times had been a little bitter. Ralph had sponged on his acquaintances right, left, and centre, and here he was installed in the enjoyment of free quarters and five hundred a year! And, indeed, it would often seem that indolence is a better policy than industry, and many a man's troubles have only begun with his determination to be independent. It is not at all an infrequent experience to find that a five-pound note is more easily borrowed than made.

Dick, however, was not the man to quarrel with anybody's good luck, and, freely accepting the invitation, came down to Becksford from time to time, when he could find a day or two to spare from his avocations in town, or had work on hand which he could do as well in the country.

"I met Arkinstall this afternoon," he said one evening at dinner, "walking with Elsie. I say, what a pretty girl she's grown!"

"Pretty enough," said Ralph, indifferently.

"Have you seen much of her?" asked Dick.

"We meet now and then," Ralph answered. "I don't see much of her, or of the old man either, except on business. There isn't much love lost between us—between Arkinstall and myself, I mean."

"I don't know," said Dick. "He spoke of you rather cordially, I thought. He wants us to go and dine with him on Wednesday."

Ralph looked up with a sudden start.

"He wants *me* to go?"

"Yes. Both of us."

There was nothing wonderful, to Dick's mind, in the circumstance of Arkinstall asking Ralph to dinner, but he thought that the latter took the invitation rather oddly. In fact, it shook Ralph a little. He had kept out of Elsie's way for over a month now, and, absorbed in admiration of his own tact and heroism, had not dreamed that he would be asked by Arkinstall to run anew into the danger he had so carefully shunned. Here were these mysterious outside forces, which were determined to make a villain of him whether he would or not, at work again. He could find no pretext for refusing the invitation, but he dreaded to accept it.

"I said we'd go, of course," said Dick.

"Of course," said Ralph. To his own mind he spoke a little too hastily, and as if after the rejection of some lingering doubt. "How was Elsie looking?"

"Rather pale and ill, I thought."

"Yes. What did you talk about?"

"Oh, lots of things. Nothing in particular. She asked after you."

"What did she ask?"

"How you were," replied Dick, after a minute's consideration.

Dick was keen, and there seemed to him more in this conversation than met the ear. He had fancied that there had been something curious in Elsie's fashion of referring to Ralph, as it is more than likely was the case. Ralph's surprise at Arkinstall's invitation, and his reluctance to accept it, neither of which he had concealed so well as he could have desired, combined with his memory of Elsie's manner to give birth to a suspicion in Dick's mind which had something of truth in it. Dick suspected his brother of having paid some attentions to the girl, and explained his unwillingness to go to her father's house by the supposition that those attentions had been coldly viewed by Arkinstall. Though that, he reflected, hardly fitted in with the old man's invitation. There was obviously something in the wind.

The evening of the dinner came. Dick arrived from London with a dressing-bag, and he and Ralph went together to Arkinstall's house. Ralph had dreaded lest they should be the only guests, and was relieved to find a company of at least a dozen people. Elsie came down a little later, and Ralph watched her narrowly as she moved about the room. She was pale, and her manner lacked its ordinary gaiety, but she was cordial and unembarrassed; and the young man could but admire the art but perfectly deceptive calm with which she greeted him, and feel awkwardly conscious of his own stiffness and lack of ease. She met Dick with especial favour; and, though it fell to the lot of the Vicar of Becksford to conduct her to the table, that venerable and pondrous cleric found it so difficult to keep up with the talk they started together, that he renounced the effort, and confined his attention to his dinner. Ralph, a little farther down the table, had for neighbour an elderly lady of marked conversational powers, to whose fluent chatter he answered "Yes" and "No" at random as he listened to Elsie and his brother. He was profoundly wretched all the evening, and had never been so relieved in his life as when the moment of departure came. He schooled himself as well as he could to seem natural and unembarrassed in taking leave of Elsie, but his eyes drooped beneath her quiet gaze, in which he read a scorn visible to no one else. He lingered in the garden, waiting for Dick in the shadow of a rhododendron bush, and presently Elsie and his brother appeared together in the porch. He could see Elsie's face distinctly; it was flushed, and her eyes were curiously bright. The two shook hands, and Elsie ran back into the hall in answer to her father's voice, and Ralph saw Dick stoop and raise something from the ground before stepping out into the garden. They walked home together in silence, and Ralph lay and tossed feverishly till the eastern sky grew bright with the first gleam of the summer morning. Would it have comforted him to have seen Elsie at that moment, as she lay, still dressed, upon a sofa in her bed-room, her face stained with tears? Mother Nature, who has been so generous to her sex in defensive gifts, had tutored her to endure those crawling hours in the society of the man she loved and hated, under that fire of critical eyes which she thought all-prepared to guess her secret; but the ordeal had been a bitter one.

She came down to breakfast so pale and languid that her father, who had been prepared with many compliments on her success of the previous evening—it had been her first attempt to play hostess—was alarmed. She attempted fatigue, but the excuse was obviously too slight to serve. It had often struck Arkinstall that the girl was somehow changed, and he had felt the change none the less clearly because he had been unable to define it. "Growing into a woman, I suppose," he had said to himself with a sigh, as he thought of the girl's motherless condition, and his own manlike inability to supply the lost parent's place. He pottered about Elsie now with a comic pathetic solicitude, rewarded by caresses and by assurances that the indisposition was quite unimportant, and that he must not worry about it. Elsie tried her best to be cheerful, but her success was not commensurate with her efforts, and she grew paler and more languid daily; and once or twice her father found her crying, or with undeniable traces of recent tears upon her cheeks. A conference with Mrs. Frost—who, of course, had noticed these symptoms, and, with a mixture of affection and curiosity, had endeavoured to discover their cause—brought him no comfort. The matron was as much at fault as Arkinstall himself.

Arkinstall counted among his friends a certain famous physician, recently retired from practice, one Doctor Palgrave. He was an occasional guest at Becksford, and was Elsie's godfather. In his trouble Arkinstall bethought himself of this gentleman, and went up to town to see him. He gave him as good an account as he could of the girl's condition, and then broached the object of his visit.

"Come down and spend a day or two with us. I don't want to frighten the child, and if you come as a guest she 'll take you as a matter of course, and not be on her guard so much."

Doctor Palgrave assenting, Arkinstall announced his expected advent to Elsie that evening at dinner.

"I met Palgrave to-day at the club, and asked him down. I expect him to-morrow. You might give instructions to have his room got ready."

"Very well, dear," said the girl, so unsuspiciously that her father rather took airs with himself as a successful domestic diplomatist. As a matter of fact, she knew perfectly well the object of the doctor's visit.

The doctor came, and stayed his day or two, and watched the girl like a lynx, without giving a sign of his watchfulness on which even her keenness could fasten. He talked with her on topics all the world might have chosen, and made short walks with her, and made himself as lightful to her in a fatherly fashion as any old gentleman who had the good-fortune to be a pretty girl's companion could have done. Every good doctor is a good conversationalist—it is part of his stock-in-trade; and Doctor Palgrave was one of the best talkers in England, and being, besides, genuinely fond of his god-daughter, did his best to amuse her. At moments he strove her to something like her old vivacity; but they were few and far between, and her dull, uninterested mood fell back on her like a cloud.

"What is it?" asked the child's wretched father.

"What is the matter with the girl?"

"I don't know," said the doctor, with an honesty which his position in his profession made easy to him. "How long has she been like this?"

"More than a month."

"When did she return from Paris?"

"Two months ago."

"And she was all right then? No langour, no crying in secret? Good appetite and spirits?"

"As gay as a lark. As happy as any girl in the world."

"Ah! Let me see. How old is she? Seventeen—or eighteen?"

The Doctor came, and watched the girl like a lynx.

"Eighteen in July."

"Well," said the doctor, "it's only a guess, but I have grounds for no more than a guess. I should say there's only one explanation, and that a very commonplace one. She's in love."

"In love!" like that?" repeated Arkinstall. "A child

"She's eighteen, you say. The phenomenon is not uncommon. I don't see what else it can be. She's in love, and she's had a misunderstanding with the fellow, whoever he is. He's too headstrong to make it up, or she's too proud to offer him the chance, and she's fretting about it. That's my reading of the case."

Even to the kindliest mind there is an element of comedy in most human troubles which fall short of actual tragic dignity, and, though Dr. Palgrave had considerable liking for his host and an almost fatherly affection for his patient, the former's acceptance of his diagnosis provoked him to what may be described as an internal smile.

"Is it—is it dangerous?"

"That depends," said the doctor, with professional gravity. That internal smile once over, his gravity became more than professional. "It just often dangerous to life"—Arkinstall stared at him with a stricken face—"at least, not nearly so often as poets and novelists would have us believe. But it may be a very grave business for all that. I should say that Elsie is of a very affectionate disposition—an unusually affectionate disposition—and I should say, too, that she has great pride and resolution. These characteristics in combination *might*"—he laid a stress upon the word—"in given circumstances, be productive of serious trouble."

Arkinstall groaned, and walked about the room, rumpling his hair with both hands—a picture of perplexity.

"For Heaven's sake, Palgrave," he said, "advise me! What is to be done?"

"It's a difficult case," said the doctor.

"NELLY AND HER GRANDFATHER AT THE RACES."—FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES GREEN, R.I.
(Mr. Charles Green's Illustration to "The Old Curiosity Shop": Reproduced by permission from the Catalogue of the Art Humourists' Exhibition.)

"TOM PINCH AND RUTH."—FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES GREEN, R.I.
(Mr. Charles Green's Illustration to "Martin Chuzzlewit": Reproduced by permission from the Catalogue of the Exhibition of Art Humourists.)

"If the poor thing's mother had only lived!" groaned Arkinstall.

"Mrs. Frost might be of use to us," said Palgrave. "I shouldn't think her a very clever woman; but she is a woman, and that's an enormous advantage in a case like this."

"Suppose you're right?" said Arkinstall. "Suppose you're right, and the poor girl is pining for some infernal scoundrel? What am I to do?"

"If he's an 'infernal scoundrel,'" said the doctor, "all you can do is to keep the girl away from him, and trust to time. If you can find out who it is, and he's at all possible as a son-in-law, the sooner you promote him to that position the better."

"Good Heavens!" cried Arkinstall, with another groan, "I can't go flinging the child at the head of a man who doesn't want her."

"Let us see if we can fix on the man," said the doctor. "Let us go to work *secundem artem*. She was well and happy, you say, when she returned from Paris? Obviously, then, the man is not there."

"I don't know," said Arkinstall. "She may correspond with somebody. They may have quarrelled by letter. I suppose young people do that sometimes. Eh? Isn't that possible?"

"Possible, but not probable. Elsie would hardly get on corresponding terms with a man without taking you into her confidence."

"No," said Arkinstall. "That's true. No; I'm sure she wouldn't do that."

"I think not," said Palgrave. "That narrows the field of inquiry considerably. Where has she lived since she left Paris?"

"Here," said Arkinstall. "She came straight over, under Mrs. Frost's escort."

"Then the field of inquiry is reduced to this neighbourhood. Now, has she made the acquaintance of any young fellow about here—anybody likely to take her fancy?"

Arkinstall rose from the seat into which he had fallen a moment before, and struck the table—

"I have it! I have it! Palgrave, you're right! It's young Purden!"

"Purden? Sir Thomas? The man who's gone to Africa?"

"No; his cousin, Ralph. That's the man, as sure as Fate! I thought there was something between them some time ago; but he dropped coming here, and hasn't been near the place for more than a month. I see it all now. They've had a misunderstanding, and he's kept away. The other night, at dinner, he was looking at her—I caught his eye once or twice—and she never spoke to him all the evening. You're right, Palgrave: it's young Purden."

(To be continued.)

ART FOR THE PEOPLE.

THERE was a very important sale of original drawings and MSS. last week by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge. Of the unusually interesting MSS.—of Dickens's only contribution to *Punch*, of Thackeray's "Irish Sketch-Book," of Hood's poems—it does not come within my province to speak. The drawings disposed of were valuable especially because of their association with Dickens; they comprised the originals, forty in all, of the illustrations to "Martin Chuzzlewit," by "Phiz," one of Dickens's many illustrators. The etchings made from them were hung side by side with the drawings, and those who went to the sale had the opportunity, seldom before enjoyed, of comparing the reproductions with the artist's original work.

But Phiz, whose real name, as everyone knows, was Hablot K. Browne, was but a poor technician; his drawings, as a rule, were slight and trivial, and the real value of those just sold was their association with the Dickens characters, and the fact that we have known his portraits of them so long that we have come to look upon them as genuine.

A much better Dickens illustrator is Charles Green, whose exquisite work, like the strong and vigorous character-studies by Fred Barnard, shows what can be made out of Dickens, and that there is something in his books besides caricature. In "Nelly and her Grandfather at the Races," from "The Old Curiosity Shop," and in "Tom Pinch and Ruth," from "Martin Chuzzlewit," you get not only a realistic rendering of the costumes of the day, but much good drawing, grace, and refinement. The drawings explain themselves. Everyone knows, or ought to know, the scene at the races when Nelly and her old grandfather find their chance of escape; likewise the delightful house-keeping of Ruth and Tom Pinch when the latter had broken away for ever from the tyrant Pecksniff.

Speaking of late art sales, it is impossible not to refer to that of the Secrétan Collection, the importance of which makes all others sink into insignificance by comparison. It has been more talked about than any other event in the art world for many months past. The collection was valuable especially because of the examples it contained of those Frenchmen of a generation ago who have been given the name of "Romanticists" and of "Meissonier."

All Paris—that is, all literary and artistic Paris—went to the sale, and so, too, did a great many eager art dealers from England and America. But interest centred above all about Millet's famous "Angelus," which in London is just now occupying a conspicuous place in the window exhibitions—that is, of course, in its black-and-white reproductions.

It seems useless to describe the picture—the great plain stretching away in the quiet evening light, the church spire dimly seen afar on the horizon, the two peasants in the foreground, their hoe and basket and barrow at their feet, while they stand with clasped hands and bowed heads to recite the "Angelus," which all the peasants throughout France are saying with them. Sensier, in his "Life of Millet," writes that the artist's chief object in this picture was to give an impression of music, to let all the noises of the country and even the church bells be heard in it; and so well did he succeed that when you look at it you can, as he declared to Sensier he could, hear the bells.

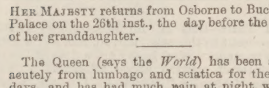
But Millet put something more into it—that something which is found in all his greatest work. Austin Dobson says somewhere that in our longings for the country we always see it, in our mind's eye, a background for the neat-handed Phyllis, the winsome Amaryllis, for Thestylis and Corydon and Doris and Chloris, for "the pastoral personages of the poets, who never lived but in the Nomansland of Arcadian unreality." But, however it may be with Mr. Dobson, for the most of us Millet is the principal of all those

MILLET'S GREAT PICTURE, "THE ANGELUS."
(Bought for 553,000f. from the Secrétan Collection for the French Government.)

modern artists—artists, whether with pen or pencil—who have made this old artificial ideal of the country no longer possible. He has shown it the cruel task-master of "the spirits of the plain—in reality, poor human creatures—a woman bent under her load of grass, another who drags herself along exhausted beneath a fagot of wood. Far off they are grand—they balance the load on their shoulders—the sun obscures their outlines; it is beautiful—it is mysterious." These are his own words.

Millet saw the beauty of the sower who sows the seed, of the woman trained from childhood to bear burdens on head or shoulders, of the humblest peasant at work, just as the Greek saw it in the movements of the wrestler, the runner, or the disc-thrower. But he felt, as all men feel more keenly day by day, the sadness and hopelessness of the life of the world's toilers—a sadness but intensified when the toiler dwells, not in ugly manufacturing towns and gloomy mining regions, but in all the freshness and fairness of the country.

This sadness and this beauty Millet expressed in the "Angelus," a picture painted when life went hardest with him—when money was scarce, when bailiffs threatened, when illness was in his little household, when thoughts of suicide haunted him. Alfred Stevens, the Belgian painter, sought in vain for many long months to obtain a purchaser for it; finally it was sold for a mere song; later, before his death, it was resold for 50,000f. And now the French Government, hard-pressed by private American speculation, has just paid for the same picture £22,120, more, probably, than the artist earned during his entire lifetime.



Her Majesty returns from Osborne to Buckingham Palace on the 26th inst., the day before the wedding of her granddaughter.

The Queen (says the *World*) has been suffering acutely from lumbago and sciatica for the last ten days, and has had much pain at night, which has prevented her from sleeping—indeed, for some nights she was hardly able to go to bed at all. It has weakened and tried her very much, and she is looking greatly pulled down by it. She takes her drives and does her work, however, during the day. The fine weather has enabled her to get out; but, as everyone who suffers from sciatica knows, the pain always increases at night, and is much aggravated by heat. The Queen had a cold before she went to Scotland, and while there caught a fresh one when out driving.

It has been arranged that Princess Louise of Wales and the Earl of Fife shall spend the first portion of the honeymoon at East Sheen House, adjoining Sheen House, which was occupied by the Comte de Paris, and is the suburban residence of the Earl of Fife. After the wedding breakfast on July 27, the bride and bridegroom will drive by road to the house, which is close to Mortlake.

The chapel in Buckingham Palace, where the Royal wedding is to take place, is so small as not to admit of more than fifty guests, in addition to the Court officials. The chapel has not been used for nearly twenty-five years, and was in want of repairs, the organ especially being out of order. The last wedding held in the church was that of the Grand Duchess Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and the arrangements made on that occasion will be repeated for the forthcoming wedding. The service will be fully choral, and Dr. Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, will be in charge of the musical part of the service. The vocal music will be sung by the choir of the Chapel Royal. The clergy at the service will be the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of Westminster, the Dean of Windsor, the Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, the Rector of Sandringham, the Bishop of London, and possibly the Bishop of St. Albans. The Queen, with the Princess of Wales and the members of the Royal family, will form in processional order in the lower drawing room of the palace, which is close to the chapel, and will take their places therein before the bride arrives. The Princess of Wales, with her sons and daughters, with the exception of Princess Louise, will go in state to Buckingham Palace by way of the Mall and St. James's Park, a quarter of an hour before the bride, conducted by her father, arrives at the chapel. The hour of the ceremony has not yet been definitely fixed, but it is likely to be about noon. The bridesmaids will be six in number, most of them being cousins of the bride. The list of foreign Royal personages who will be present on the occasion is not yet complete; but among the number who have expressed their intention to be present is the King of Denmark, grandfather of the bride.

Among the presents given to Princess Louise on her marriage, says *Vanity Fair*, that of the Shah, who has ordered a magnificent set of jewels from a leading firm in Bond-street, is likely to be one of the finest. Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons are about to present the Princess with a wedding gift in the shape of a diamond and ruby necklace, the value of which is £4000.

The Prince and Princess of Wales visited the Royal Botanic Society's fête at Regent's Park on the 15th inst., and distributed the prizes. These were for the best floral decorations to the various carriages which made up a procession, which passed before their Royal Highnesses. The first prize was taken by Mrs. E. Ledger, whose victoria was preceded by a groom with epaulettes and scarf, and bow-pot of roses. This carriage was perfectly equipped at every point. The prevailing tone was golden, and two ladies therein were attired to match. The harness of the two blacks, the whole body of the carriage, the wheels, the splash-board, and the steps were hidden under yellow roses and Iceland poppies, relieved by ropes of snow-white lilies.

The Shah has devoted himself to the provinces during the past week. He has been to Birmingham, thence to Sheffield, Liverpool, and Manchester, and thence into Scotland, staying at various noblemen's seats en route.

The Shah's visit to the two great political clubs has, I fear, writes a London correspondent, produced some muddle in his Majesty's mind. The Shah went first to the Carlton Club, which he was told was the home, the rendezvous of the Ministers and of the party in power. He was evidently seized with the idea that it was a sort of day barrack for the Queen's advisers and their followers. He saw one or two Ministers in the club. Through the interpreter the Shah asked questions which showed that the fixed notion with him was that of a political caravanserai. When he got to the Reform Club and was told that it was the Liberal or Opposition club, the Shah immediately asked whether the ex-Ministers took their meals there every day. From his questions it would not be surprising if he thought that Ministers and ex-Ministers are bound to daily attendance at the Carlton and Reform.

The Shah has resolved to leave his little boy behind him to be educated in England, probably at Eton and Oxford. As the youngster is a Field-Marshal in the Persian army, he ought to finish up with a course of instruction at one of the military academies.

Here is a delightful story about the Shah, which has the additional merit, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, of being true. At a social function where Mr. Gladstone was one of the guests somebody told the Persian monarch that the G.O.M. was about to celebrate his golden wedding. "His golden wedding!" exclaimed the dusky potentate. "What is that?" It was pointed out to his Majesty that when a man has lived with one wife for fifty years he is said to have celebrated his golden wedding. "Ah!" observed Nasr-ed-Din, evidently thinking of that well-stocked harem at Teheran, "it is better to live with one wife for fifty years than with fifty wives for one year!"

There was a Boulangist demonstration at the Alexandra Palace on Saturday, at which General Boulanger and M. Henri Rochefort were present. The majority of the audience was English, and the crowd was not much larger than on an ordinary occasion.

The French residents in London entertained M. Waddington, the French Ambassador, at dinner at the Café Royal in Regent-street last Sunday, to celebrate the French National Fête-day. There was a large attendance and much enthusiasm. M. Waddington spoke at some length, and entered into an eloquent defence of the French Republic. The real object of the agitation now being carried on was, he held, to make the Constitution more absolute, and to pave the way for a plébiscite and a dictatorship.

The centenary of the capture of the Bastille was celebrated on Sunday in Paris. The President, accompanied by M. de Freycinet and Admiral Krantz, witnessed the review of the troops of the Paris garrison at Longchamps. The troops were greeted with much enthusiasm, and the cavalry were especially applauded. The Prince Imperial of Annam and King Dinah Salifoo were among the spectators. Free performances were given at several theatres. The weather was unfavourable. A Boulangist disturbance occurred in the Place de la Concorde, near the Strasburg statue. A police-officer attempted to arrest M. Déroulède, who was rescued by the crowd.

A new Tenants' League has been started in Ireland by Mr. Parnell and Mr. O'Brien. It is to be a strict copy of an English trade union. Funds will be subscribed for evicted tenants, just as working men provide the supplies which keep their comrades alive when they are locked out. It will be difficult for the landlords to defeat a combination of this character. The present coercion machinery is bound to prove quite useless.

Fighting in the Soudan continues unabated. Notwithstanding heavy losses, the Dervish force shows no disposition to retire from the Egyptian frontier, and it seems possible that England may again become considerably involved in the East.

When the Parnell Commission resumed its sittings on Tuesday morning Sir Charles Russell stated that he had been instructed by Mr. Parnell to withdraw from the case. This was in consequence of the Judges refusing to allow the expenditure of the Irish Loyal and Patriotic League to be gone into, as had been done with the National League. The Court continued the examination of witnesses.

A Parliamentary vacancy has occurred in East Marylebone owing to the retirement of Lord Charles Beresford. The Conservative candidate is Mr. Edmund Boulnois, and the Liberal Mr. George Leveson-Gower. At the 1886 election Lord Charles Beresford defeated Professor Beesley by 1485 votes.

The last batch of the London working-men delegates sent to Paris by the Mansion House Committee were entertained at lunch on Saturday by the chairman of the Paris Town Council.

Sir James Picton, the father of the member for Leicester, and a distinguished Liverpool worthy, died on Monday evening in his eighty-fourth year.

Another Alpine accident is reported from the Raxalp, near Vienna. A gentleman who had climbed the Raxalp was surprised by a storm while on his return, lost his road, missed his footing at a dangerous point, and, falling a considerable depth, was killed on the spot. Swiss churchyards are full of gravestones which record the death of Alpine travellers, but every year brings its fresh list of too daring victims.

George Pickles, aged nine years, was, at Leeds Assizes on the 15th inst., sent to a reformatory for three years for stealing a bag containing £100 from a shop where he was in the habit of delivering newspapers. The bag was on the counter, and was stolen while the shopkeeper was engaged with a customer. The boy's mother was charged with receiving the money, which has not been found, and was sentenced to eight months' imprisonment.

M. Pasteur has written a letter to the Lord Mayor, in which he expresses thanks for the English sympathy which has been afforded him, and in a few terse sentences exposes the ignorance of his opponents.

Lord Randolph Churchill, after visiting Walsall on the 29th inst., will go to Birmingham, and on the following day will meet the local Conservatives. He will be entertained at luncheon at the Midland Conservative Club in the afternoon, and in the evening will address a meeting in the Townhall.

An Order in Council has just been issued by which, on and after Aug. 1, all unmuzzled dogs found in the streets within the Metropolitan area are to be taken possession of by the police. There is a growing conviction that the order should be extended to the whole country, as a like universal muzzling is believed to have had the effect of extinguishing rabies in Australia and elsewhere.

Perhaps there will be some slight satisfaction among the shopkeepers. A large fire broke out in the West-End branch of the Civil Service Supply Association on Saturday. Damage was caused to the extent of £15,000.

A man named E. R. White, who was for many years employed at Madame Tussaud's waxwork exhibition, but had been dismissed, is charged with sending a parcel containing explosives to Mr. John Tussaud. The case is proceeding; but one interesting revelation that it will make more widely known is that the remarkable establishment, formed with so much ingenuity and enterprise by old Madame Tussaud, has passed out of the hands of her sons, one of whom is employed in the not very dignified occupation of inserting hairs in the faces of the figures in the exhibition.

An interesting will case has just come before Mr. Justice Butt. A licensed victualler named Harver died worth £8000, which, by a will executed in 1885, he bequeathed to a woman with whom he had lived for many years, and with whom he had gone through the ceremony of marriage. But Harver's legal wife, whom, however, he had not seen for twenty years, is still alive, and a will in her favour, dated 1887, has come before the Court. Judge and jury decided that the latter will is a forgery, and we are likely to hear something more of Mrs. Harver and of Mr. Crook, the trustee of the 1887 will.

At Brighton, on Saturday, an elderly man named Turner was charged with attempting to murder his wife. On the previous night, while in bed, it was stated that the prisoner put a rope round the woman's neck, knelt on her chest, and pulled the end of the rope tight. When neighbours entered the room Mrs. Turner was found unconscious, with blood oozing from her ear, and black in the face. The woman said the prisoner had once before attempted to strangle her, but she did not wish to prosecute him. Turner was remanded for an inquiry to be made into the state of his mind.

A case was heard by the Lord Chief Justice at the Bury St. Edmunds Assizes the other day in which damages were claimed by a commercial traveller named Flanagan against Mr. Hulme, Governor of Ipswich Jail, for having forced him to take a bath and wear prison clothes. Flanagan was in custody on a charge of embezzlement, which was not sustained, and the Magistrates did not commit him for trial. The Judge summed up in the plaintiff's favour, and the jury awarded him £75 damages.

At the Bury St. Edmunds Assizes, on Saturday, the Lord Chief Justice sentenced Thomas Neale to twenty years' penal servitude for the manslaughter of his daughter, at Loken-heath. The evidence showed that the prisoner beat his child with his fists savagely and repeatedly. Its skull was fractured, and it was covered with bruises from head to foot. When told of its death his first question was: "Have you got the policy?" the child having been insured in the Prudential office. The Judge, in passing sentence, said the prisoner had narrowly escaped with his life, and if the Jury had convicted him of murder many persons would have thought he he met his deserts.

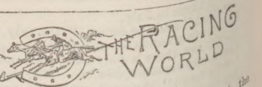
THE EMPEROR WILLIAM'S LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

The Emperor William's mode of life on board the Royal yacht Hohenzollern is described by a *Daily News* correspondent as follows: Life on board begins early in the morning between six and seven. The gentlemen of the suite collect gradually on deck, and each takes either a cup of tea or coffee. The Emperor takes a bath every morning, and appears on deck about eight. At that hour takes place what is called flag parade, and the hoisting of the flag is saluted by everyone on board.

Immediately following this ceremony breakfast is served, a substantial meal, but, like all meals on board, a simple one. It consists of eggs and hot and cold meats, tea, coffee, or a glass of sherry. After breakfast, all go again on deck, and his Majesty generally walks up and down with his large telescope under his arm, looking at the view, conversing about the course of the ship, and now talking seriously or chatting with his companions. The telescope is a present from Prince Henry, who painted the signal flags on it himself.

Lunch is taken at one o'clock, the suite appearing in naval costume. The Emperor always wears the blue or white naval jacket. An unconstrained tone prevails on board at meals as well as at other times. After lunch the Emperor takes coffee and smokes a cigar with his suite on deck, conversing with every one. Afterwards he goes on to the bridge or, in bad weather, into the saloon on the after-deck to either read or to write letters to the Empress, with whom he interchanges telegrams at every station, or to play a game called "The Blockade" with the chief of the general staff or the chief of the naval department.

Dr. Guessfeld occupies himself with taking photographs of Nature. The marine artist, Salzmann, is to be seen everywhere with his little apparatus. I myself saw him at Waterfal, jumping from stone to stone, taking now here and now there a lovely view. All the fair beauties who cruised round the yacht at Stavanger were taken, and woe betide those who drop to sleep on board in ungraceful positions. They all wander into his box. At six supper is served, at which the gentlemen must appear in frock coats. This meal is just as excellent as the lunch. Sherry, light red and white wines, the latter from the Pfalz, and German champagne are the beverages which appear on the table.



Mr. Lowther made a most remarkable announcement at the Jockey Club meeting, and made it with reference to a most remarkable proposition from Lord Penrhyn. Noble Chieftain's noble owner asked the club to do away with their Monday racing—to cut off, that is, the first of five days—in the Second October and Houghton weeks. The senior steward intimated that Lord Penrhyn's suggestion met with approval, and in so doing announced that to make up for the consequent deprivation the club would give themselves an extra fixture of three or four days in the summer.

Regarded from a common-sense and business-like point of view, both schemes are so little remarkable that now they are officially formulated general wonder is that they were not in operation years and years ago. What waste it seems, to have got only one crop of racing off the set of courses behind the Devil's Ditch, and to let the better-known courses on the Flat lie fallow as regards work between the Second Spring and First October, from the middle of May to the end of September! As regards Monday's business at Newmarket, it is a nuisance all round, and an unnecessary evil too, being nearly all plating of the poorest class.

In face of these arguments, I should not be justified in cataloguing the proposals as I have, but—and this is a big but—they stand out phenomenally novel as being the only two put forth by Jockey Club authority which have not been gone for by a numerous school of critics whose racing creed is that the club can do no right. Appallingly strange it is that no one has stood up and denounced the powers that be for something or another, or perhaps both, in connection with innovations so thoroughly commendable.

Our turf rulers who rigorously supervise all arrangements of racing dates are not likely to permit others to have much Monday sport if they do away with it at their own establishment. Bank Holiday work is no doubt safe enough, and so may be exceptional Mondays in the Midlands, but we may confidently look to be relieved of the back-end Mondays which render the winding-up weeks of the flat-race season so dreadful a rush and drag on turfmen's endurance.

Mr. E. B. Barnard, who formerly trained in Sherrard's stable, wishes it widely known that he did not supply Lord Durham with information or any other assistance for his legal fight with Sir George Chetwynd. Lord Durham and his solicitors, Messrs. Lewis and Lewis, endorse Mr. Barnard's disclaimer of what might be called ratting on his old associates, who, take them one with another, including Mr. B., at present on involuntary exile from all courses under English or French Jockey Club or Grand National or Society of Encouragement rules, are not what one might call in good winning form.

General Williams, the most popular of all Sherrard's patrons, has been almost uniformly unfortunate of late with his horses. So dead out of form has the General been, that with one consent speculators at Newmarket, when his Sea Song on Friday week landed a race, raised a big congratulatory cheer.

Of the others, since Wood, who was not the least-to-be-considered patron of the establishment, retired into private life, nearly all have had to average former periods of favour from the fickle goddess with long waits for Fortune's wheel to bring them better times. Under these circumstances, Sherrard may not so much regret leaving the palatial establishment at headquarters, and carrying on business on a more modest scale in what haughty Newmarket stable-boys term the provinces.

Lord Zetland ought to engage a sort of literary adviser for his trainer Enoch. The genial rubicund Welshman, embodiment of good health and good nature, is all right for getting his horses fit and looking after them in the practical part of the business, but his interpretation of printed conditions for racing is far too liberal and original. Every now and then Mr. Enoch causes punters sad revulsions of feelings. They back his horses—as, for instance, Grey Friars at Stockton, Caerlaverock at Newmarket, in the autumn of 1888; or Cheroot last week—and rejoice exceedingly on seeing their selected win. Being carried to the high pinnacle of self-satisfaction in success, they promptly have to drop to the lowest depths of despair when their victorious gee gets disqualified for not carrying correct weight.

Cheroot Won his Race all right, but, unfortunately, had no business to be in it at all, seeing that this Welter Handicap was for horses that had not won £300 at one time, and Cheroot was last year returned winner of one contest worth nearly double as much. It appears to be nobody's business to prevent such blunders made by different nominators. Consequently they are so frequent that the poor British public, instead of wanting to take someone's blood after such a bungle, merely remarks, "Another mistake!" pays its money, and takes its chance of being victimised again.

Leicester's executive fight and fight and fight, are always fighting, and always fighting hard, to make the Oadby meetings go. In their sturdy endeavours they are ably backed up by the racing-man's best railway company, the Midland, who lay on capital trains, and endeavour all they can to suit sporting travellers' wants. Probably the main disadvantages under which the establishment suffers are that it is three miles from the town, and the directors cannot manage to gain popularity with local folk.

Its big stakes, attracting first-raters, must tell in the long-run. This week we had a Zetland Stakes of £1500 for two-year-olds, a Midland Derby of like value for three-year-olds, an £800 handicap, and the Portland Stakes of £6000 for two-year-olds.

This last, big as it is, is overshadowed by Sandown's Eclipse Stakes of £10,000, which, like all of the mammoth plates, appears made for the big rich owners. Dukes, Duchesses, Lords, and millionaires, as representatives made up nearly all the field, and, as usual, an extremely expressive, if somewhat vulgar, adage received illustration. I expect that, after a little while, these monster affairs will be left to big folk only, and receive far less support than they now gain.

Why it should be so is not easily discoverable, but the fact stands historically correct that little men's horses cannot win great weight-for-age races. All manner of explanations are advanced, from time to time, but hardly stand analysis, except in one particular, applying to recent years.

Children's Fashions.—With Mrs. Leach's "Children's and Young Ladies' Dressmaker" for August a paper pattern is given away, and it contains practical lessons in dressmaking, with fifty illustrations and plain descriptions for cutting-out and making-up all the new costumes, &c., for all ages. Price One Penny. All newsvendors; by post, two stamps. Mrs. Leach, 8, Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, London.—[Advt.]

At first sight it seems strange to attempt to define the difference between thoroughbred stock from private or public studs; but there is a great one. So much depends on the way that a foal is treated in its early months. Our great private breeders lay themselves out for stock to develop into racers. They give them plenty of good food, but do not force them. On the other hand, it is matter almost of necessity for the breeder for sale to get his young ones unnaturally forward, so that the thick flesh makes them look bigger in frame than they really are. A great deal of what the youngster has put on by extra feeding has to come off before he can be started on the road towards training.

Baron De Hirsch

promises to be a very liberal patron of our turf. He can afford to do the thing well, because money is almost of no consequence to him. John Porter will have a very expensive lot of horses under his care on the Baron's account before the year is out. I cannot say that I think his patrons found much of a bargain in Vasistas, the winner of the Grand Prix de Paris. There is more than a suspicion that his was a very fluky win.

Donovan and the St. Leger.

Donovan continues to hold his ground for the Doncaster St. Leger, and, in the language of the betting-ring, is hardening—that is to say, more people want to lay quoted odds on the Duke of Portland's horse than accept them. September seems a far cry from midsummer; but with Goodwood already talked about, and autumn so frequently asserting itself at the close of the Sussex fortnight, which Lewes ends, we shall be packing up for Doncaster before we know that we have let the weeks slip by.

I cannot tip Donovan for the race on Doncaster's Town Moor, because it is simply buying money to bet the current odds on him. A good tip, however, is to carefully avoid backing anything else in the race.

Writing of Goodwood

reminds me that the acceptances for the Goodwood Stakes are very satisfactory, with eighteen contents to be taken out. I have a fancy for White Flag, who is not likely to be much backed by the public. The display at Stockbridge with Holly and Exmoor was very meritorious. Moreover, White Flag has never been up to its private trials, and after mending hammers a little is quite likely to get right back to the best trial form. White Flag and Mill Stream are the pick of the acceptors.

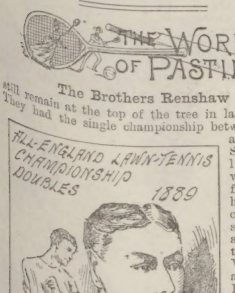
I hear of several Australian Racing Men

who intend to bring horses from the Antipodes to compete in our handicaps. One or two friends of mine are very confident of making the speculation pay, though they do not profess faith in Mr. James Wilde's venture with Derby horses. Next week we ought to have a fair field for the Liverpool Cup. Felix, Cotillion, and Veracity are the best-backed, and I shall be rather surprised, after what I heard recently, if either Cotillion or Felix is not returned the winner.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME

The Brothers Renshaw

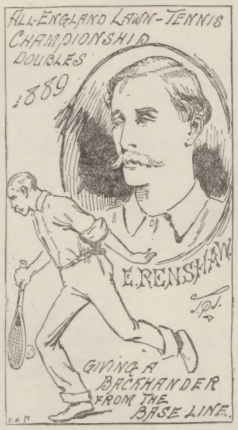
still remain at the top of the tree in lawn-tennis. They had the single championship between them,



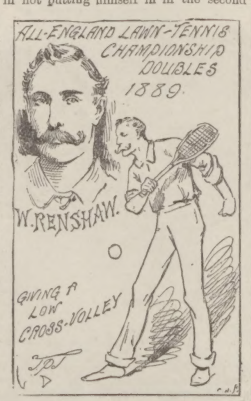
and on Saturday last they won the four-handed championship for the seventh time. E. W. Lewis and G. W. Hillyard, having beaten them before, were considered quite capable of repeating the performance, and "two sets all" was once the state of the score. Then, as they have so frequently done before, the brothers won pretty well as they liked. They won the first two sets, and then could win only three games in the next two. In ordinary cases this would imply defeat; but the Renshaws never play so well as when in a tight place, and the present case proved no exception. The match was won as follows: 6-4, 6-4, 3-6, 6-4, 6-1, each pair winning twenty-one games. Many lovers of lawn-tennis witnessed the fine play at the Wimbledon Grounds of the All-England Club.

The Eton and Harrow Match

ended, on Saturday last, as I prophesied it would, in favour of Harrow, though I cannot say that I anticipated quite so decisive a victory as nine wickets. It is the old story of bowling, and it was a visit I paid to Eton, when I saw the weakness of the attack which was to oppose the proven good batting of Harrow, which made me feel assured of the superiority of the boys on the hill. Eton does not possess so good an all-round cricketer as F. S. Jackson, who by-the-way, if the story is true that his father gives him a guinea for every run he makes in this match, exercised very proper self-denial in not putting himself in in the second innings.



In addition to the run money, Jackson is said to receive, from the same source, five guineas for each wicket he takes. As he made 68 runs and took five wickets, he would have received close on a hundred pounds, and last year considerably more. Another prediction I made—namely, that little Gosling would prove the favourite of the ladies—was also verified to the letter. The little fellow plays with a very straight bat, and, going in first in the second innings, made 35 in masterly style, and there was an all-round expression of disappointment when he just failed to carry out his bat.



The Company

was as large and as fashionable as ever. Literally, "everybody" was there; and so determined were the ladies not to be defrauded of their promenade that, after the heavy rain had fallen on Friday, and play had been abandoned for the day in consequence, they paraded the sodden turf in large numbers. One is continually expecting to see the Oxford and Cambridge match usurp the place of the Eton and Harrow, but the latter seems to have been tacitly agreed to as *the* aristocratic cricket function of the year.

Looking over Some Old Records

of matches, I was reminded of a batting performance which is quite as wonderful as that of Mr. T. C. O'Brien, who won the match for Middlesex against Yorkshire in so unexpected a manner. This was in 1883, in a match between Surrey and Gloucestershire, at the Oval; the two Reads—W. W., the amateur, and Maurice, the professional—scoring 141 runs in sixty-five minutes, the last 80 being made in thirty-five minutes. The hitting in this innings was tremendous, 140 runs out of 208 being made by fours.

The Bowling of th· Gentlemen is,

at present, in a very weak state, and it is, therefore, the more discouraging to find but little promise at the public schools. All amateurs pay too much attention to batting, to the detriment of the bowling department. It was this weakness which cost the Gentlemen their two matches with the Players, the return, at Lord's, ending as disastrously for the amateurs as did the first. W. G. Grace, everyone was delighted to see, kept his end up about as well as anyone. For this bateman the days of sensational scores are over, but he remains as reliable a sheet-anchor as ever.

Life-Saving Competitions

are becoming more frequent, I am glad to see, in connection with our swimming clubs, which do well thus to recognise that the art of swimming besides being a healthful recreation, is one which often enables us to save the lives of fellow-beings. No one but a very practised swimmer could have done what A. E. France, the long-distance amateur champion, accomplished at the Welsh Harp, while he was training for the half-mile championship. A boy fell into deep water, and France dived no fewer than nine times before he was able to find him and bring him to the surface. Swimming has been called a "noble" art, and, with such cases as this before one, it is difficult to gainsay that the description is well bestowed.

Yachting.

Now that the race for the America Cup is off, people on either side of the Atlantic seem to be settling themselves down to a little mutual recrimination. On our side, we accuse the Americans of being determined to keep the America Cup at all hazards, and preferably by diplomacy than by fast sailing, whilst they attribute to us entirely the failure of negotiations. As I have said before, race for the America Cup or not, Lord Dunraven means going to America, and has asked General Paine, owner of the Volunteer, which beat the Thistle in the last race for the America Cup, to act for him in arranging a race with some representative vessel. In this request Americans profess to see the cloven foot, for they say that of course the Volunteer could not, in that case, be chosen. One would have thought that, in any case, a big boat like the Volunteer would be entirely out of the question, and no doubt Lord Dunraven never dreamed that anything but a boat of the size of his Valkyrie would be chosen to sail against it. One would have thought that the Americans would have been glad of the opportunity to match their best seventy-footer against ours.

Sullivan v. Kilrain.

The only remark that is called for in this column concerning the recent prize-fight in America between Sullivan and Kilrain is an expression of satisfaction at the attitude of the authorities in doing their best to bring the offenders to justice. When a man possessing such splendid physical gifts as Sullivan can turn them to no less bestial use, then the jail is a capital place for him. The adulation accorded to the prize-fighter is, to my thinking, a national disgrace.

The Sculling Championship.

The event to which much attention will soon be turned is the sculling championship of the world, to be rowed on the Thames early in September, between O'Connor, of Canada, and Searle, of Australia. It is a highly complimentary thing to England that she should be chosen for this contest, seeing that one competitor has to come 14,000 miles. Both in America and Australia the participators in rowing and sculling matches are able to make considerable sums, apart from what stakes and bets they may win, by subsidies from railways, hotels, steam-boat lines, &c., and by tickets for viewing the race from steamers. In England, I need hardly say, nothing of the kind is possible. Here it is a case of paying out at every step; and yet England is chosen as the arena. When we think of the numberless suitable pieces of water to be found in America, added to the Australian regatta courses, it is difficult to realise that from them all our little Thames, overloaded as it is with traffic, should be selected. We like to think that it is our reputation for giving everyone fair play which is the chief attraction, and I will hope that this is the case. Certainly no foreign oarsman has yet been able to say that he did not get it. O'Connor and Searle are not in proper work yet, so it is premature to say anything about them beyond the fact that each is considered a wonder in his own country.

London Cyclists

are rejoicing to see F. J. Osmond back into good form, for to-day, next Saturday, and on Aug. 24 the National Cyclists Union Championships will take place on the Paddington Ground. He is a tremendous flyer when fit, and will take a deal of beating in any event for which he starts. Improvement in machines has been answerable for a great deal of the fast times, but, so far as the ordinary bicycle is concerned, it is difficult to see that the manufacturer can do much more. BANSHEE.

ESSEX COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIPS.

THE eighth annual meeting promoted by the Essex County Cycling and Athletic Association was held on the cricket ground, Chelmsford, last Saturday, when a programme of ten events, in which 152 competitors took part, was decided. The prizes were presented by Lady Brooke.—Quarter-mile Race for the Essex amateur championship was won by G. W. Turk, Walthamstow H. (holder). Time, 53 1-5 sec. One Mile Race, Essex Amateur Championship: T. D. Dutton, Ranelagh H. and West Essex Cy.C., first. Time, 4 min 32 2-5 sec.—Two Miles Walk, Essex Amateur Championship: Albert Searle, Chelmsford Excelsior F.C (holder), first. Time, 16 min 4 sec.—One Mile Bicycle Handicap (open): J. Howard, Beaumont C.C., 90 yards start, first. Time, 3 min 4 sec.—Three Miles Bicycle Handicap (open): J. Howard, Beaumont C.C., 120 yards start, first. Time, 9 min 50 4-5 sec.—Essex Amateur Bicycle Championship (five miles): H. J. Howard. Essex Cy.C., first. Time, 18 min 11 2-5 sec. E. J. Willis, Essex County, the holder unfortunately arrived too late to defend his title.

"William of Cloudeslee," for eight years the writer of the Turf article in our popular contemporary the *People*, has been presented by the proprietors with a handsome gold watch, as a token of esteem. He is a fearless Turf writer, and deserves the gift.

Beckenham Cricket Club gathering was held on the club ground on Saturday last. The Mile Bicycle Handicap was won by F. Weatherley, Argus B.C., scratch. Time, 3 min 4 2-5 sec. The 1000 Yards Level Race (open) fell to W. U. Churley, Highgate H. Time, 2 min 22 1-5 sec.

The Eminent Austrian Poet, Robert Hamerling, died last Saturday at Graz, at the age of fifty-nine. He has been called the "Makart" of poetry, on account of the wonderful colour and life he threw into his poems. His chief works are two epic poems, "Ahasuerus in Rome" and "The King of Zion." Hamerling had been ill or ailing for the last twenty years, his sufferings in this respect reminding one of the similar case of Heine.

Molesey Regatta was held on Saturday last, over the usual course, between the waterworks and the lawn at Garrick Villa; the latter, which was, as usual, devoted to the accommodation of the subscribers and their friends, being crowded with a large and fashionable company. The racing was scarcely so interesting as is usually the case; but the fouls which are so frequently seen in this awkward reach of water were decidedly fewer than usual. Mr. F. Fenner, London R.C., acted as umpire, from the steam-launch Javelin. The Thames R.C. Henley Stewards' Four had a walk-over for the Senior Fours; and their Grand Challenge Eight gained an easy victory over the London Henley Grand Eight in the Challenge Cup—the Kingston crew, although entered, not coming to the post. The Senior Sculls produced some good racing in the third and final heats. In the final, Kennedy was always in front, and won easily from Bruce-Dick, Cumming being last. In the Senior Pairs, Looker and Clark, of the Thames, won easily from Piper and Block, of the Molesey Club. The prizes were presented on the lawn of Garrick Villa after the racing.

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Murray's Pocket Guide to London is a marvel. For one penny, Mr. J. P. Murray, of Queen's Head-passage, Paternoster-row, gives an illustrated handy book small enough to go into the waistcoat pocket, yet containing eighty pages of maps, views, and of useful information. Murray's Pocket Guide will be found most serviceable by every visitor to London.

A Gallant Schoolmaster.—Here is an act of bravery which deserves to be brought before the Royal Humane Society. The hero of the story is Mr. A. Holloway, principal of Dunmore House School, Bletchley, and the gentleman whose life he saved is M. Henri Tréneri, the French master. A number of boys from Dunmore House went to the River Ouzel, Bletchley, to bathe. M. Tréneri lost his footing, and not being able to swim his position became critical. He was about 45 ft. distant from his bathing companions, and a considerable distance from the bank. Mr. Holloway threw off his jacket, plunged into the river, and swam to the rescue. Mr. Holloway, fortunately, is a good swimmer, and he saved the Frenchman.

THE NEW TROUBLE IN EGYPT: A SMART OUTPOST ENGAGEMENT.

WIMBLEDON FACES: SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST.

THE PEOPLE'S ARMY

Our Last Wimbledon.

CAPTAIN LAMB decidedly set the luck of Lancashire at Wimbledon this year. It was several days coming, for I do not think the County Palatine was much to the fore till last Saturday, though Heap and Wattleworth, who may now be called the champions of Manchester and Liverpool respectively, were doing steady work, as they always have done for many years past; and young Hayhurst, the Barrow engineer, was "putting them on" in a very promising manner. On Thursday se'nnight we were all agog over Rippon's 99 for the Queen's Prize Stage and the Bronze; and when his first range of the Second Stage was finished on Saturday, it looked very much as though he were going to have the Silver Medal too, for he was still five points ahead of the next man. But for this year, apparently, Essex's luck was out, at least up to Saturday night, because all that eventful day it was always

Lancashire Wins!

I do not remember there being ever before such a run of luck for one county. First of all it was Wattleworth, who got the Silver Medal for Liverpool with 205 points, four more than Noakes, who won it on a tie, made last year; and, as if that were not enough, there was Heap, in second place, with 200, his last-range score being higher than Rippon's, whose aggregate was also 200. Lancashire has 30,000 Volunteers certainly, but one would hardly expect, even from so large a section of the force, to have both the best men of the year at ordinary Volunteer ranges. But Lancashire had not done yet. There was the Prince of Wales's Hundred Guineas to be had by a bold bidder, and it was here that Hayhurst came in. The Prince's prize is only shot for by men who have won the N.R.A. medals this year at their county meetings, and so it is a shoot of the very élite of marksmen. Hayhurst is only twenty-one, and so must have been playing marbles and bowling hoops when some of the grizzled veterans he had beaten had long been accomplished shots. It must have been a case of splendid eye, strong muscle, and iron nerve against the maturer wisdom which knows all tricks of light and wind; and youth prevailed. That hundred guineas is a nice sum for a young mechanic to take home. And then there were

The Team Shots,

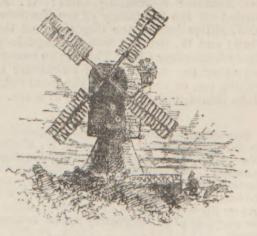
and Lancashire was at it again. The China Cup for counties was a Lancashire win last year, and on this eventful Saturday the county team got it again, beating Ayrshire and Hampshire; in fact, all the counties—north, south, east, and west. Finally, the Preston battalion wiped the eye of the Glasgow big cups—whose men were so cocksure they had got the Belgian Volley Cup—by leading with a score fifteen points ahead of the 1st Lanark. No wonder the

Lancashire Lads were Cock of the Walk

at the Pavilion on Saturday night. It was quite a consolation to some of us Londoners to learn that the "Devil's Own" had collared the *Standard's* £100 for team-shooting at head-and-shoulder disappearing targets. The Preston boys had a team in, and it is a wonder they did not get this bit also. Anyhow, Cockneys, canny Scots, Yorkshire tykes, and all will think Lancashire has got enough this very last of the Wimbledon Meetings. Of course, Lancashire won't think so; but then, people are so greedy!

The Americans' Last Match

has fallen through, and therefore a large slice will be cut out of the interest of the winding-up day of all the Wimbledon meetings. The two teams—Massachusetts and North London—were in agreement over the terms: the former were to use their Springfields in the manner they prefer, and the Londoners were to be allowed any position; but several of the members of teams previously beaten by the Yankees objected to the last of the English teams being allowed terms different to those accorded to others. Major Frost and the Americans wanted to go on, but were anxious not to offend men they had shot against before; and so the North London fellows, rather than force the Americans to shoot differently than they had before—and the terms were not made until the first matches had been fired—consented to forego the match. The action seems to have



THE WINDMILL: IN MEMORIAM.

been wrong. There had been quite enough unequal struggles, and the mortification of the previously defeated should not have prompted them to prevent a last match on something like equal terms. Besides, they, like the North Londoners, should have found out what American military breechloaders are like before they agreed to American conditions.

For Sunday,

Mr. John Bertram had made every preparation in the refreshment saloons; but the Camp was fairly overwhelmed by the thousands on thousands of visitors who trooped to Wimbledon.

More Lancashire Luck

turned up on Monday. In the National match between the four divisions of Great Britain, Dodds, of Liverpool, made the highest score in the whole match, 96, for England, and the Preston battalion won the £100 at the head of the Mullens list for squads firing at moving targets. The National Challenge Trophy was won by the English Twenty with a score of 1748, Scotland being second with a score of 1709, and the Wimbledon Cup was won by Captain R. W. Barrett, 22nd Middlesex.

The Queen's Prize-Winner

on Tuesday turned out to be Sergeant Reid, 1st Lanark Engineers. He won the Queen's gift of £250, and the National Rifle Association's Gold Medal and Badge. At the end of the first range (800 yards) of the last stage of the Queen's, Major Pearse, 4th Devon, Gold Medallist of 1875, was three points ahead of all others, having finished with 48, bringing his total up to 243. Private Wattleworth finished for 34, bringing his total up to 239. Sergeant Reid, 1st Lanark, who came up with 197, also finished for 239. Private Rippon finished for 29, bringing his total up to 229. What with the Earl of Fife's success in gaining one Queen's Prize (the hand of Princess Louise of Wales, as *Moonshine* aptly put it in its Proctor Cartoon), and what with Sergeant Reid's victory at Wimbledon, we fear there will be no holding in our jubilant Scottish fellow-countrymen. It should be added that Sergeant Reid won with 281 points, only beating a previous Queen's-Prize winner, Major Pearse, of Devon, by one point.

The Sheerness Accident

has produced an order from the War Office to the effect that, in future, before Volunteer Artillerymen commence practice, the Adjutants are to examine each gun; and in their absence, and also there being no Royal Artillery officer to take the responsibility, this duty shall devolve upon a Volunteer officer holding a certificate of competency to superintend gun-practice. This is all very well, and somebody ought to be responsible; but how is it that the liability has never been fixed before? There are a good many people who still doubt the possibility of the accident having been caused by a drill-shot.

The German Emperor

is to see the British troops at Aldershot on the 7th proximo, and the proposal still is to fill out the battalions of a big force by tacking on some Volunteers. It will be rather difficult to do this on a Wednesday afternoon, and the authorities had better give up the attempt at once, for the muster would be a small one. At least that is the opinion of EYES FRONT.

LONDON SWIMMERS

are among the swiftest in England. The veteran ex-champion, Professor Fred Beckwith, one of the neatest and most skilful of side-swimmers in his time, has taught in town a host of pupils, a cluster of whom, with members of his own family, still "show how it's done" twice a day in the swimming-bath of the Westminster Aquarium. Again, the hardy early risers of the Serpentine Swimming Club yet "peel" under the old elm-tree on the southern bank of the fine lake in Hyde Park, and plunge into the cool waters from the diving-plank. A Serpentine "header" is the best refresher for a hot summer's day. Try it. That splendid swimmer and stanch member of the Serpentine Swimming Club,

Dave Ainsworth,

the Half-Mile Amateur ex-Champion Swimmer of England, maintains his pre-eminence, I am glad to note. An accomplished swimmer, lusty and vigorous albeit approaching middle-age, possessing well-developed biceps and pectoral muscles, Dave Ainsworth may be cited as a fair example of the beneficial effects of natation, which broadens and deepens the chest, invigorates brain and body, and improves the *physique* generally. I cordially congratulate Ainsworth on the style in which he won the Captaincy of his club on the morning of July 10; traversing the 958½ yards in the Serpentine, as he did, in 16 min. 59 sec., and beating J. Jones, the second man, by 12 sec. There was also some noteworthy swimming in the large sheet of water at Hendon last Saturday afternoon, when H. R. Shevill maintained his right to the Captaincy of the Amateur Swimming Club; W. Aldridge carried off the Captaincy of the Torpedo Club; A. J. Miller gained the Captaincy of the Coral Club; and W. Brickett won the Captaincy of the Unity Swimming Club. There is no better way of acquiring the useful art of swimming than by joining one or the other of the good swimming-clubs established in every town of mark.

Snowdon.—When Mr. Perks purchased Snowdon he did so on behalf of Sir Edward W. Watkin, M.P. We may, consequently, writes a London correspondent, be confident that public rights on Snowdon will not be restricted in any way. Sir Edward has intimated his intention of offering a site on the summit to the Royal Astronomical Society, for purposes of an observatory similar to that on Ben Nevis.

LEGAL COLUMN

[*"Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."*]

VIII.—THE PROPERTY OF MARRIED WOMEN.

WHILST politicians and statesmen have been busy talking of other things, our age has witnessed what may prove to be a very important step in a great social revolution.

Married Women

have by modern Acts of Parliament, passed without much opposition from either party, secured a position which they never held before in the eye of the English law, which in this matter had always been Feudal rather than Roman. From the time "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," as the old law books say, the position of married women in England had been based on the old Pauline doctrine of submission to the husband. The wife had always been treated as an inferior person. At least down to the reign of Charles II. it was good law that a husband might administer to his wife "moderate correction." Even now the courts of law will still permit a husband to restrain his wife's liberty in case of gross misbehaviour. With regard to property the doctrine of "identity" was rigorously enforced.

Husband and Wife

were held in the eye of the law to be one person, and that one person was always, virtually, the husband. Women on marriage, like felons on conviction, forfeited control of their property. The personalty of the wife—that is, all her estate, excepting landed property—came under the absolute control of the husband upon marriage, excepting where the Court of Chancery would interfere in cases of marriage settlements. During the marriage, moreover, the husband was entitled to the rents of her freehold property, and if she died before him, leaving children of the marriage, the husband was entitled to continue to receive the rents during his lifetime. Even her earnings were not secured to her. Great hardships resulted from this state of the law.

Now, however, we have changed all that. First came

"The Married Women's Property Act"

of 1870, which gave some rights to married women which they had never enjoyed before. This Act was amended by another Act in 1874, and finally was passed the present "Married Women's Property Act, 1882." A summary of the effects of this Act we now propose to give.

The Act took effect from Jan. 1, 1883. As regards women married before that date, all property their title to which accrues after that date, including their earnings, is their separate property. All deposits in savings banks, societies, public funds, shares in companies, which, on Jan. 1, 1883, stood in a married woman's name alone, or jointly with any other person (except her husband), are to be deemed her separate property.

With regard to women married *after* the Act, it is enacted that every such woman shall be entitled

To Hold as Her Separate Property,

and dispose of as if she were unmarried, all real and personal property whatever which shall belong to her at the time of marriage, or shall be acquired by or devolve upon her after marriage, including any wages, money, and property earned by her in any employment carried on by her separately from her husband, or by the exercise of any literary, artistic, or scientific pursuit. Every married woman can now acquire, hold, and dispose, by will or otherwise, of any real or personal property as separate property, as if she were unmarried, and without the intervention of any trustee. A married woman who has separate property can also enter into contracts, and can sue and be sued thereon, without the husband being joined as a party. In justice to creditors, however, a married woman may now be made bankrupt in respect of any trade which she carries on separately from her husband. A married woman may lend money to her husband for the purpose of his trade or business; but, in that case, if he should become bankrupt, she can only claim a dividend after all the other creditors for money or money's worth have been satisfied. If a married woman treats her husband's money as her own, and invests it accordingly, the courts of law may order the money and investments to be paid or transferred to the husband. A married woman may insure her husband's life for her or his benefit. A married woman

Has just the Same Remedies,

civil and criminal, against all persons, including her husband, for the protection and security of her separate property as if she were unmarried, except that a wife may not take criminal proceedings, in respect of her property, against her husband while they are living together, nor, while they are living apart, as to or concerning any act done by the husband whilst they were living together, unless the property shall have been taken by the husband when deserting his wife. A married woman is liable to the extent of her separate property for all her debts contracted before her marriage, and the husband remains liable for the wife's debts to the extent of any property that he may acquire through her. County-court judges may decide disputed questions between husband and wife as to property.

The new law is much in favour of married women. It will here be, of course, impossible to discuss all their rights and the obligation of the husband; but it may be mentioned that a husband is still liable to be sued for wrongs done—e.g., libels—by the wife after marriage. The new Act of 1882 makes married women liable to the parish for the maintenance of their husband. But this is the extent of the legal liability of women, whilst that of the husband is, as we shall show in a future article, greater. Questions as to rights of wives to be supported by, or divorced from, their husbands, and as to custody of children, and other important marital topics, shall also be discussed hereafter.

ANSWER.

LABBY.—The lender can "pledge" the deeds; but only subject to your right to redeem on repayment of the £30 and interest. If the Promissory Note be negotiable it alone may be paid away by lender. See that you get deeds and note at same time. LEX.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

I SHOULD think some of my readers who are thinking of going to the seaside would like to hear of an inexpensive

Dress Material,

that will bear rough wear, to say nothing of an occasional drench from sea-water. What is called the "Stabilis Serge" has been very highly recommended to me. It may, I am assured, be soaked with impunity in sea-water, and even *boiled* in soda, without injuring the colour! These serges can be had in black or navy blue, and may be bought at all the leading drapers'. Every piece is stamped with the words *Semper Stabilis*. I do not myself think any material is as economical for seaside wear as

Sailor Blue Serge,

whether of the ordinary kind sold by Spearman of Plymouth, or the "Stabilis" mentioned above.

SEASIDE COSTUME.

I can recommend the former by experience; the latter I know by hearsay only. There is one grave objection, however, to serge for summer wear: it is rather hot and heavy, and it *looks* hotter than it is. The stuff known as summer serge is thin and light; but it wears badly. I prefer to it, especially for girls who are clever enough to make their own gowns, the pretty striped

Flannelettes,

not the *very* cheap kind, at threepence halfpenny a yard, for it is really dearer in the end than what you pay eightpence or ninepence for. The latter is called, I think, tennis cloth, and it is very pretty and looks extremely well made up in the present style without much drapery.

The Seaside Costume Sketched

is from that favourite journal of the fair sex the *Lady's Pictorial*, and forms one of the new and piquant designs made expressly for our sparkling contemporary by Mr. Cooper. It is at once a smart and serviceable dress for lounging on the beach or the pier, or for yachting. It is made entirely of pale-grey cloth, braided with white—nothing could look more soberly tasteful, the long lines of white braid being very becoming to the figure. The drapery of the skirt is lifted high on the left side, and then loses itself under the long vest of the under-bodice. The outer jacket has a deep collar and loose fronts.

You can now get very good, strong, well-cut

Gloves

for country, seaside, or river wear, with gauntlets, at Penberthy's, 390, Oxford-street, for 2s. 11d. a pair. I am no advocate, as you know, of very cheap gloves. I think they are the very worst possible economy; but these stout gauntlets are really good. There is another thing which tells in favour of good gloves—they clean so much better than bad ones. One great objection to cleaned gloves is the odious smell they have; and it is useless to say that it "goes off" if you put them in the air, for it never does. I can give you the address of a dyer and cleaner who sends home gloves without any smell—Hutchings, Belsize Park-terrace, South Hampstead, S.W. I have got a lot of what I may call "extra wear" out of gloves cleaned by him. What is called

The Coachman's Cape

will be very fashionable during the coming autumn. The material used for them is thin summer cloth, generally tan in colour, and the pinked frills which form the cape do not extend to the back, which fits the figure, and is tied in at the waist with a short basque. These capes are very pretty on tall, slight figures, but are most unbecoming to women who are short and stout. By-the-way, if you admire the

Accordeon Pleating,

which has suddenly come into fashion again, you can have it done upon any material, up to 72 inches wide, at 228, Euston-road, London. You can also have kilting and pinking done at the same place.

I should like to know if many or any of you are really interested in

Housekeeping or Cookery,

or agree with me that much of the happiness of our lives depends upon these accomplishments. There are a great many men ruined in health and temper by having to put up with bad cooking; and a very serious thing it is if the breadwinners break down in either the one or the other. But, you say, "Housekeeping is very difficult, and we are not rich enough to afford good cooks." Housekeeping is rather difficult; but not more so than reciting, dancing, or lawn tennis, or pianoforte or violin playing; and it *can* be learned. And now I am going to give you a receipt for an original and very delicious

Roly-Poly Pudding.

Take one pint of hot and floury mashed potatoes (I suppose you know that potatoes for mashing must always be *peeled before boiling* if you wish to have them floury?), a pint of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, a pinch of salt, and moisten with milk or water into a dough. Roll this dough, or paste, out, and spread upon it a layer of strawberry or raspberry jam; roll and tie it carefully and *steam*, not boil, for one hour and a quarter. If you like sauce with this roly-poly on any special or festive occasion, take two ounces of butter and two tablespoonfuls of sugar beaten well together, and then add, by degrees, one egg, also well beaten. Even after the egg is mixed go on beating, and pour in slowly a little boiling water until your sauce looks like cream. Indeed, it is quite as good as cream, and more easy of digestion.

At this season moths are very industrious. In spite of Keating's powder, and pepper, camphor, and brown paper—all good things in their way—the little pests find their way to our furs, if we have any, and lay them waste. Let me tell you of two very simple

Moth Traps.

Take a little bunch of red wool; place it on a piece of paper on the floor of the cupboard, or any place infested with moths. They will collect in the wool, which you must remember to shake every second or third day. The moths will drop out on the paper, and then you can crush them. The other trap is even more simple. Get a brick, make and keep it damp; raise it about the eighth of an inch from the floor. The moths will collect under it, and once a week, if not oftener, you can raise the brick and crush the moths on the floor. By the way, it is not, I think, generally known that moths have a great dislike to

Printer's Ink,

whether fresh or stale, wet or dry; so any article that is wrapped up in newspapers is safe from their ravages. They cannot make their way through linen, so it is a good plan, if you have any valuable fur, to sew it up in a linen pillow-case. Then, having made it secure, you can set one of the traps. MARGUERITE.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—What commands the spontaneous homage of Mankind? Sterling Honesty of Purpose. Without it Life is a Sham! "A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—Adams. Caution.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by worthless imitations. Sold by all Chemists. Prepared only at ENO'S "Fruit Salt" Works, London, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S patent.—[ADVT.]

GARDENING IN SEASON

Flower Garden.

[illegible] recent showers have done an immensity of good [illegible] departments of the garden: they came so [illegible] every drop was absorbed by the parched [illegible] and did its work. The only fault that could [illegible] found was that there was not enough of it, at any [illegible] near London.

In most places the long-continued drought has caused the grass to assume a very brown and desolate appearance. This spoils the general effect of the garden, and if possible steps should be taken to remedy it. Mere surface sprinklings are useless: what is wanted is a thorough and prolonged soaking. In the centre of a lawn I once had the care of was situated the basin of a fountain in which the water stood a foot or more above the surrounding level. I rigged up a number of long-legged syphons of [illegible]-in. gas piping, which, when once started, were self-acting. Each one delivered its supply upon a piece of slate, and was slightly moved from time to time, and the grass remained green all the summer. I recently noticed something of the same kind in use at Kew—viz., an arrangement of jointed pipes with a number of holes drilled in them, which spread the water in all directions.

One other hint: a couple of good soakings with water, in which some nitrate of soda has been dissolved at the rate of one ounce to the gallon, will restore the colour to any lawn, however parched and bare. How very gay are the

Beds of Geraniums

just now! I do not know when I have seen them so full of flower. These showy plants delight in an open and sunny situation; they flower much more freely in rather poor soil made very firm, and should not be over-watered. In rich ground, or if kept very moist, they will give more foliage than flowers.

Begonias

are also doing remarkably well this season. Like the last, they are brightest in warm sunny weather, but they possess an advantage over them in that, wet or dry, fine or stormy, they flower persistently at every joint throughout the season. Partly on this account they are gradually superseding the ubiquitous geranium (I beg its pardon, pelargonium) to a considerable degree, though I do not suppose they will ever do so altogether. The begonia likes rather more root-moisture than the pelargonium, especially while the plants are small. Now that the garden is [illegible] best is the time to

Take Notes

[illegible] and combinations, for repetition, also [illegible] that may suggest themselves. [illegible] one must be a bit of an artist [illegible] with a keen and well-trained eye to both [illegible] and form.

The Cape Hyacinth

(H. Candicans) is a stately and elegant plant, that should be more commonly grown than it is. It blooms in the summer and early autumn, throwing a spike, varying from three to six feet in height, of pure white drooping blossoms, which last a long time. The bulbous roots are quite hardy, in well-drained soil, [illegible] it is perhaps safer to take up [illegible] annually. A circular bed covered [illegible] Jackmanni trained on bent [illegible] a couple of feet above the surface, [illegible] spikes of this hyacinth pushing [illegible] of rich purple blossoms, afforded [illegible] I ever saw.

Roses

[illegible] in very large numbers at [illegible] on Saturday, July 6. Among [illegible] than one box of flowers of a [illegible] hybrid perpetual, called Her Majesty; [illegible] blush-pink colour, something in [illegible] Rothschild, but rather more [illegible] flowers are very large, and of almost [illegible] It should be grown by all who admire [illegible] of Madame de Watteville [illegible] very fine, and the double [illegible] from Swanley probably the finest lot ever [illegible] show.

The Greenhouse

[illegible] be gay with zonal and large-flowered pelargoniums, marguerites, fuchsias, double and single [illegible], begonias, and others. Plenty of water [illegible] the evening being the best time for [illegible] supply. But look the stock over in the [illegible], and damp down the house three or [illegible] a day. Ventilation cannot now be too [illegible] by day, and the apertures in the roof [illegible] open a few inches at night as well, if [illegible] being the

Centenary of the Dahlia,

a grand exhibition of this popular flower will be held at the Crystal Palace, on Sept. 6 and 7, under the auspices of the National Dahlia Society. It is intended that every known species, variety, and form of the flower shall be represented.

Vegetable Garden: Mushrooms

are always in demand, but more difficult to obtain in July and August than at any other season. The best and only place in which mushrooms can be grown successfully just now is a cellar or cave underground, or a very cool shed on the shady side of a wall. Wherever evaporation is active, the beds get dry and the fungi full of maggots. Though not generally advisable, a good soaking now and then will do the beds good just now; and the pathways and walls, &c., must be kept constantly moist. Beds formed of fresh materials now will commence bearing in September, and continue up till about Christmas, or later. Though mushrooms are comparatively plentiful in the autumn, the produce will be very useful: if a fifth or sixth part of good earth is mixed with the manure, it will not need to be turned so many times.

New Zealand Spinach

is an excellent substitute for the ordinary summer or round-seeded variety where this is apt to "bolt" in hot weather before becoming fit for use. It grows very large and strong, half-a-dozen plants in good ground affording a plentiful supply of foliage throughout the whole of the summer. Sow the seed in heat in April, in small pots, harden off in May, and at the end of the month turn the plants out into a bed of deep rich soil in a sunny position at about four feet apart. Give them plenty of water now.

Annuals.

A gay garden may be produced by the use of these alone. They are not only very easily and cheaply grown, but exceedingly showy as well, and many of them are capital for supplying cut flowers. Some of the best for this purpose are: sweet-peas, cornflowers (cyanus), annual chrysanthemums, mignonette, phlox Drummondi, sweet sultans, scabious, gaillardias, and zinnias. Many do not know how fine annuals really are, simply because they will not take the trouble to thin them out when up. If crowded the growth is consequently weak, and the flowers thin and poor; but if thinned out to a reasonable distance they will make strong and bushy plants, and afford a long succession of fine large blossoms. Other excellent annuals for ordinary decoration are the major and minor convolvulus, Clarkias, scarlet flax, godetias, malopes, Virginian stocks, love-in-a-mist (nigella), hibiscus Africanus, and the showy coreopsis or calliopsis. Any of these, sown now in good soil and kept moist, will still bloom more or less freely before the end of the season; but, as a rule, it is better to fill up any spaces left now with asters, everlasting flowers, and so forth, than to sow any more seed.

Cucumbers

must receive constant attention in training and stopping the growths, and plenty of moisture must be given both at the root and in the air. Cucumbers revel in a warm and rather close atmosphere, laden with moisture, and as a rule no ventilation is needed until the thermometer rises to 75 deg. or 80 deg. As fast as the young shoots show fruit, they must have their points taken out one joint beyond, but it is not wise to let them go too long; the better plan being to do a little at a time, just a shoot or two here and there.

Continue planting out broccoli, savoys, kale, brussels sprouts, and other greens for winter use. If the ground is very dry, draw shallow drills for the rose, soak them with water, then set out the plants, water again, and fill in the earth again.

Finish planting celery, except, perhaps, a trench or two to come in very late. Sow lettuce where the plants can remain, and thin out to six inches apart when up; also plenty of endive in light rich soil and a sunny position. Those who are partial to young carrots should make several sowings during the summer; one made now will give plenty of tender roots in September and onwards. It is too late to sow any more tall peas; only first or second early kinds will do any good now. William the First and Day's Early Sunrise are good peas to sow now; but if the tall late kinds that were sown some time ago are kept moist and well fed, and the pods gathered regularly and carefully, they will continue in bearing for a long time.

Fruit Garden.

Strawberries are getting past their best, but have been wonderfully plentiful; a good watering will enable the plants to swell the later berries, and these will ripen and be very welcome presently. Laxton's Noble is a kind that will be largely grown in the future: the fruit is early, large, and very handsome. But in these days sufficient attention is not paid to flavour—size is everything. British Queen has the finest flavour of all strawberries; but some of the most delicious I have ever tasted were gathered from some old plants of Keens' Seedling on a sunny south border that had not been disturbed for years.

Raspberries follow strawberries, of course; these are also plentiful and fine, but not so large as if we had had a little more rain recently. Like the last, the raspberry delights in deep rich soil of a rather stiff loamy nature, and the plantations should be renewed every fourth or fifth year, at farthest. The

Summer Pruning

of fruit-trees on walls now occupies a good deal of time. Its object is to check too luxuriant growth and develop fruit-buds and spurs instead of growth-buds, as well as to dispense with the use of the knife in winter as far as possible. The top part of the trees should be operated upon first, and the lower branches in ten or fifteen days' time.

B. C. R.

THE "GOLD-DIGGER KING."

INTELLIGENCE has arrived from Sydney announcing the death, through heart-disease, of Mr. J. B. Watson, at the age of sixty-four, an Australian "Quartz Reef King," and one of the richest men in the colony. He was a native of Paisley, born in 1825. When quite a youth he emigrated with his father's family to Sydney, where he took up the humble occupation of a butcher. Although Sydney during the Forties was a very flourishing town, yet the allurements were not of such a character as to keep him there, for he emigrated to California, the new Eldorado, in search of a fortune. From California he returned in three years with little better success than he had obtained as a butcher. On his landing at Melbourne, Mr. Watson proceeded to Sandhurst, where his figure was known on the White Hills so far back as 1854. By dint of great exertion he saved a sum sufficient to enable him to purchase a puddling machine, which was of material help to him at the diggings; and with this instrument he managed to save several thousands of pounds. He then migrated to the celebrated gold-mine of Bendigo, which has since become known throughout the world for its wonderful productiveness of gold, and which he now leaves to his family, with the expected result from its production (rather roughly estimated) of some £30,000,000 or £40,000,000. Mr. Watson leaves a widow and seven children, two sons and five daughters. One of the daughters is married to Mr. Murdoch, the well-known cricketer; two others are also married. Mr. Watson was of a retiring disposition, and never took any part in public affairs. He died in Sydney on June 4.

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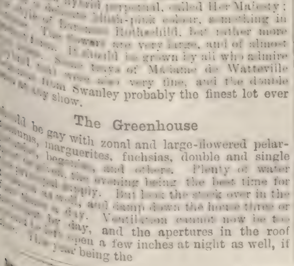

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BULL-STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

CHIEF CITIES AND TOWNS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

BIRMINGHAM.—[Letter II.]

We have now "done" what may be called the Trafalgar-square and Strand of Birmingham (which gave the Shah of Persia a cordial reception, on the 11th of July). Suppose we move, like the course of empire, westward. On the farther side of the Townhall note

The Midland Institute,

a useful educational body, which organises lectures and classes in various departments of knowledge, and appoints some eminent man as its president every year: among whom have been Charles Dickens, Lowell, John Morley, Huxley, Freeman, and Max Müller. The lecture-theatre, designed by Birmingham's lamented architect, the late J. H. Chamberlain, is a most admirable room. Passing in front, along the short Paradise-street, which is practically a continuation of New-street, we turn to the right, and then, making a sharp curve to the left, enter Broad-street. This is a wide and busy thoroughfare. Birmingham's best theatre is seen on the right, and on the same side is the handsome Gothic Church of the Messiah, of which the Unitarian Dr. Crosskey is the preacher. It is the same old church, under a new garb, to which Dr. Priestley ministered; and it contains his medallion portrait, with an inscription by the learned Dr. Samuel Parr. At the end of Broad-street is Five-ways, with the statue of the good Joseph Sturge, the Quaker Radical. Five thoroughfares radiate from here. There is Islington-row—for Birmingham, like London, has its Islington; there is Harborne-road, leading to Harborne, where Freeman, the historian, was born; and there is the broad

Hagley-road,

along which let us make our way. On the left, in a large garden, is the excellent Edgbaston Girls' High School, and farther on the house of Sir Walter Foster, where Mr. Gladstone stayed when last in Birmingham. On the right is the pretty little Plough and Harrow, the only hotel or inn allowed on the large Edgbaston estate. On the same side is a more noted though very plain structure, the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, to which is attached the Church of the Immaculate Conception. The Oratory has been for many years the home of one of the greatest Englishmen of the century, Dr. J. H. Newman, who still lingers on in extreme old age, feeble, placid, and all but oblivious of the outer world. What a contrast between this aged devotee, with his fine delicate nature, and the bustling wealthy business men of Birmingham, whose enterprise and manly independence and municipal energy are, however, to be admired.

Edgbaston

is a pleasant suburb of quiet shady roads. A brief walk through some of them in a southerly direction will take you to Cannon-hill Park, the gift to Birmingham of the wealthy Miss Ryland, lately deceased. Crossing the park and passing through pleasant meadows one reaches Moseley, the most beautiful of the Birmingham suburbs, more rural and less trim than Edgbaston. The red-brick decorated Gothic building of Spring-hill College stands empty in its pretty grounds; for the college has been transplanted to Oxford, where, merged with another, it is known as Mansfield College, connected with the Congregationalist body.

At Moseley

is the large costly red-brick residence of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain (who has entertained the Prince of Wales at Highbury); and here also is an old mansion belonging to one of the Cadburys, situated in the most lovely park-like grounds, from which you cannot see a tall chimney or any other unsightly object. At Moseley we can take a steam-tram, and we shall soon find ourselves back in the centre of Birmingham, close by New-street Station. By the way, Birmingham has made many experiments in trams. Her railway and omnibus facilities are poor—very poor to a Londoner. But the

Tramways are Exceedingly Numerous,

and are of three kinds—horse, steam, and cable; the steam trams being most numerous. They are abominably ugly, but very convenient, except to the people they run over.

Finding ourselves again in New-street, we may turn this time to the right, in which case we shall soon pass

The King Edward's Schools,

the building of which was designed by Sir Charles Barry. The boys' department has provision for 600 boys, who are presided over by an excellent educationalist in the person of Dr. A. R. Vardy. There is a girls' school as well under the new endowed-schools scheme. If you keep straight on you get to the

Old Central Part of Birmingham,

to High-street; to Digbeth, with its old-timbered "tripe-house"; and to Deritend, described by the old historian Leland as full of smiths and cutlers, and "as pretty a street as ever I entered." Such a designation would not hold good now. Off High-street you note Carr's-lane, where Dr. R. W. Dale's chapel is situated. You naturally think in this part of the town of

Birmingham's Former Days.

During the Civil War Birmingham was Puritan, and strong for the Parliamentary cause. In 1642, when Charles I. was marching from Shrewsbury to relieve Banbury, the Birmingham people seized part of his baggage, including plate, money, and wine, and sent the booty to the Parliamentary garrison at Warwick. They also supplied the Parliamentary army with 15,000 sword-blades, but boycotted the King's forces in a manner which would have won the admiration of William O'Brien. Prince Rupert, however, had his revenge on them, capturing many prisoners, burning part of the town, and levying a fine on it.

But we have not examined that final glory of Birmingham,

Corporation-street.

It is at right angles with New-street, and is wide though short, and marked by smart shops and large stores. Among the latter is the huge structure of Mr. Lewis—who has similar places in Manchester and Liverpool—a sort of inferior Whiteley. But the æsthete is provided for as well as the Philistine, in the shape of one of Liberty's pretty shops—a dream of loveliest colours and softest textures. Walk to the end of the street as far as the space in front of the Grand Theatre, where the Aston trams stop. If you get into one of these you can go out to

Aston Hall,

an old manorial place now turned into a museum, surrounded by a park which is much patronised by the people. From there you can go on to Handsworth, a pleasant suburb, with its old parish church containing Chantrey's fine statue of James Watt. But if you do not care to see these suburbs, make your way back and go through the Arcade, built in 1875, 220 ft. long, where you can buy all manner of things at [illegible] cheap rates, and emerge by the Great Western Hotel and Snow-hill Station. If you like to go down Snow-hill, you can get to St. Chad's Catholic Cathedral—for Birmingham is a Catholic bishopric. But otherwise keep straight along Colmore-row, the handsome St. Philip's Church (Italian in style), with its large churchyard, on your left, and a long row of new fine buildings, including shops, offices, the Grand Hotel, &c., your right. Newhall-street, to the right, and

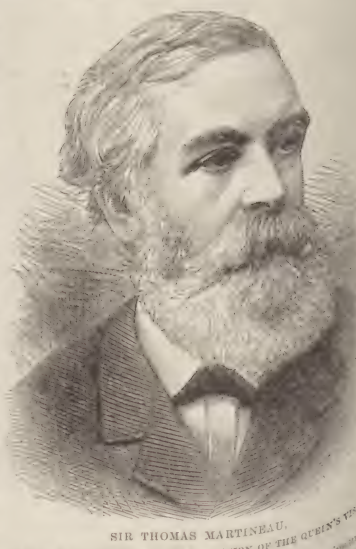
Remind You of Newhall Hill,

the scene of the great reform meetings [illegible] the Birmingham Political Union in 1831, when it is said, as many as 100,000 people were present to march on London to overawe the House of Lords and compel Parliamentary Reform. A few steps farther on will lead you to the Municipal Council-House and all its classic surroundings. Now you have "done" the Birmingham which most people see, although you have visited but a small part of the city's area of 5420 acres and 80,000 inhabited houses.

Sir Thomas Martineau,

whose Portrait is given as a distinguished Birmingham worthy, bears an honoured name. He is of Mr. Robert Martineau, who was Mayor of

SMALL HEATH PARK, BIRMINGHAM.



SIR THOMAS MARTINEAU,
MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM ON THE OCCASION OF THE QUEEN'S VISIT

Birmingham in 1846-7. Thomas Martineau is so highly esteemed by his fellow-citizens that [illegible] also was chosen Mayor in 1884, 1885, and 1886, holding this dignified and useful office when Her Majesty honoured Birmingham with a visit in 1887 and received the heartiest of welcomes. Sir Thomas Martineau is a fair type of the [illegible] shrewd, able men (and the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain is another) who have made Birmingham one of the best self-governed cities in the kingdom. Born in 1828, he was admitted solicitor in 1851; holds the appointment of [illegible] Clerk to the Guardians of Standard of Weights and Plate; and is the head of the legal firm of Messrs. Ryland, Martineau, and Co. So much for a sided a public man is Sir Thomas Martineau, but he is also a governor of King Edward's School, and President of the Midland Iron and Steel Wages Board. Sir Thomas Martineau is married to the eldest daughter of Mr. Timothy Kenrick.

JAMES WATT'S HOME: HEATHFIELD HOUSE.

YES, THE RUPTURED will still find Dr. Sherman at his London office, 64, Chancery-lane, where his wonderful success draws the afflicted from all parts of the world, who go away cured. Our advice is, send for Dr. Sherman's book, where you and all others should go who send for Trusses, of ever being cured. Our advice is, send for Dr. Sherman's book, English and American, post-free for 6d. in stamps. Read it and inform yourselves.—[ADVT.]

THE GREAT CITIES OF THE WORLD: PARIS.

[LETTER VIII., AND LAST.]

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris has again distinguished herself as the Queen of Cities by the magnificent way she celebrated

The 14th of July.

Those who went to see Paris decorated and generally joyous were not disappointed. High holiday was observed on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. The city was a mass of colour during the day, and a veritable fairyland at night. Besides the fireworks, the Venetian fêtes, the illuminations and decorations, there were innumerable banquets and meetings in honour of the Centenary of the Revolution. Everyone took part in the celebrations except a few Legitimist fossils, who ought to have lived before the Revolution, or to have gone down with the old régime. There was an excess of enthusiasm and jubilation, but this may be pardoned. There is not a centennial celebration every day. Sunday last was a red-letter day in the annals of the French Republic.

Dining in Paris.

The connoisseur in the culinary art will find plenty of variety in Paris. There are restaurants to suit all purses, dishes to suit all tastes. The eating arrangements are not, however, entirely to one's liking. We cannot understand a business man or a mechanic spending from an hour and a half to two hours over his lunch every day. You cannot get a hurried meal in Paris. You may be in a hurry, but the waiter never is. You may congratulate yourself if you get through very *chic* and dear restaurants there are three kinds in Paris—the *à la carte* restaurant, the *prix fixe*, and the *table d'hôte*. The best examples of the *à la carte* are the well-known Duval restaurants found all over Paris. Everybody knows about them, and that is the worst recommendation they have, as they are generally crowded. The table-d'hôte dinners may be recommended for quick service. You get through soon, but you must eat fast as a rule. One of the best is the

Restaurant Excoffier,

27, Boulevard des Italiens — déjeuner 3 f., dinner 4 f. Others on the Boulevards which are spoken favourably of are: Diner de Paris, 12, Boulevard Montmartre—déjeuner 3 f., dinner 5 f.; Diner Européen, 14, Boulevard des Italiens—same price; Diner Rocher, 16, Passage Jouffroy—déjeuner 2 f. 25 c., dinner one franc more.

The Palais Royal

is a good place for cheap restaurants. There is a table d'hôte at No. 105, where the déjeuner costs 2 f. The charges at all the restaurants here vary from a franc-and-a-half for déjeuner to two francs-and-a-half for dinner. The charges in every case are exhibited with the bill of fare at the door. The food is good. The wine is weak but you can generally get beer or cider instead. Other cheap restaurants are to be found in the upper part of the Rue Montmartre, in the Rue Vivienne, in the Rue Des Petits Champs, and generally in the small streets running off the boulevards. Within the Exhibition the cheapest restaurants are the Duvals.

Municipal Paris.

Before leaving Paris the visitor would, no doubt, like to know something about the government of the beautiful city and the organisation of the working classes. The newspaper correspondents are never tired in giving publicity to the eccentricities of the Paris Town Council, but carefully ignore its good side and take no note of its grievances. The fact is that the great question in Paris is the same as with us—Home Rule. The people of Paris demand Home Rule. The Government is afraid of Paris, and denies it that local liberty which every commune in France enjoys. As usually happens, it goes to extremes in curtailing the powers of the Town Council, and even prevents the public from attending its meetings. The Government is jealous of the council, lest it should enter into too strong competition with the Chamber of Deputies.

For municipal purposes Paris is divided into twenty *arrondissements*, or districts, which are again subdivided into four quarters—making eighty administrative units. There is a *maire* in each *arrondissement*, and a deputy *maire* to each quarter. The Town Council consists of eighty members, elected by manhood suffrage. Its work is divided among seven committees, and commissions are frequently appointed to study special questions. The Council's powers are limited. It can discuss and adopt measures, but they run the risk of being vetoed if it has no control over the officials whom the town pays. The aforesaid eighty *maires* or deputy *maires* are appointed by the Government, and the council is under the heel of an autocratic functionary—the Prefect of the Seine, who is also appointed by the Government.

The Prefect governs Paris

and the department of the Seine. He attends the council meetings, and vetoes all the proposals which are not agreeable to himself, or to the Ministry for the time being. There is permanent war between the council and the prefect, and it is only by continual worrying and battling that the council now and then gets what it wants.

The council has another enemy in

The Prefect of Police,

answering to our Commissioner Monro (who is himself a most estimable gentleman). This prefect and the police force are under the control of the Home Secretary. All the Town Council has to do is to see that they are paid. They generally manage, however, to make the prefect's position rather hot for him. The fire-brigade is under the War Minister. The council has many other grievances. Monopolies are foisted on the town against its will by the Government. The 'bus and tram service is a monopoly, and so are gas and water. The monopolists pay great sums to the Government for the privileges they enjoy, and then take it out of the Parisians by raising the price. Gas, for instance, costs three times as much in Paris as in London. The Town Council is in favour of taking over all the public services, and of carrying municipal socialism much further. Handicapped as it is by the Government,

The Paris Council

does some good work. It attends to the education of the young, and has organised an excellent school system—only it has banished all religious teaching. The scholars are drilled in battalions just like soldiers. There are suitable libraries attached to the schools. The free-library system in Paris is admirable. There are already sixty free municipal libraries, with free lending departments, in Paris, and the ambition of the council is to have eighty—one in every quarter. During the winter months free classes in languages and commercial and technical subjects are held at the *mairies*. Education in the communal schools is also free, and, on the application of parents, children who are underfed because of poverty are supplied with a free meal a day. Free lodging-houses for poor outcasts are opened during the winter months. The council look after the public gardens, the cleaning of the streets, and in this, as in some other matters, set us a good example.

The Octroi

is a duty levied on all drink, food, and goods which enter Paris. As no notice is taken of value, the poor man pays just as much on a bottle of bad wine worth a franc as the rich man does on his fine brands worth 20f. To obviate this injustice in some measure the Town Council pays the inhabited house tax for everyone whose rent does not exceed £16 a year. It pays it, of course, by putting up the taxes on the rich. After this it is not necessary to explain that the majority of the council are in sympathy with the working classes.

The Workmen

are organised on a different basis in Paris to ours. There are no trade-unions as we know them. All the great working-class organisations are Socialist societies. They are not successful in strikes, as they have no funds, and depend on public subscriptions. There are no political or working men's clubs in Paris. The café takes the place of the club. Free speech does not exist. Permission must be obtained from the police to hold meetings. No meetings or demonstrations in the streets are allowed, and the red flag is prohibited. The greatest workmen's party in Paris are the Possibilists. They are organised into eighty groups, and are a great force at election times. Their principal leaders are Joffrin, a working engineer, just now vice-president of the Town Council; Paul Brousse, a doctor, and a man of scientific attainments; and Allemane, a printer. They are Socialists, but do not desire to force on a revolution. They think the social revolution will come when things are ripe for it. They work for it all the same. There are many other varieties of Socialists in Paris, the most powerful being the Marxists and the Blanquists. The head centre of the Parisian proletariat, and the hotbed of revolutionary Socialism, is in Belleville and Montmartre. The Socialist party in Paris is constantly in a state of change. Their force is dissipated at present owing to the intervention of Boulangism; and they are not likely to make a great show as a distinct party at the forthcoming general elections.

The City of Berlin

will be the next great Capital to be depicted and described in *The Penny Illustrated Paper*. It is hoped this series of special illustrated articles will prove of particular interest, in consequence of the forthcoming visit of the Emperor of Germany to her Majesty the Queen.

CYCLE & CAMERA

To no one have the late rains been so welcome as to cyclists. Roads were becoming almost impassable because of the dust. The Ripley road has been known to be in a worse condition; but in certain districts a pitiful state of affairs was reported, when, as one cycling paper puts it, "oiling up to both machine and rider had to be indulged in every ten miles."

ANOTHER SOUVENIR OF THE SOUTHERN CAMPING MEETING: THE START FOR THE CHALLENGE CUP.

(From the Photograph by Mr. E. W. Thomas, 121, Cheapside.)

It is at such times the boating man has the advantage. If, after a dusty day's run, you have ever turned from Thames Ditton to Moulsey, just at the hour when all the boats are coming home, you feel at once the oarsman's superiority. His flannels are white and immaculate, while you, from your shoes to your hat, are covered with a grey layer of dust.

Otherwise, however, all the advantages are with the cyclist. The exercise is far more exhilarating. The *Saturday Review* has just been taking Mr. Hamerton to task because in one of his late books he says the boating man only exercises and develops his chest and arms. It is true the racing man finds good exercise for his whole body in sculling; but the "moucher" down the Thames really gives himself less than the slowest rider on the roads.

And then again, while the boating man, off for a day or an afternoon, must always go to the Thames, either from Moulsey to Sunbury or from Maidenhead to Marlow, the cyclist can vary his ride almost every week; though so conservative is the average rider that, despite all his chances, he keeps to the Ripley road as religiously as the boating man keeps to the Thames, instead of going now to Hatfield and St. Albans, or to Epping Forest and the pretty Essex villages, now to Harrow, or as far as Maidenhead by road, and so on, taking a new direction every Sunday.

One of the great pleasures of cycling club life, however, is to be had at this season in the club runs, when some definite aim is given to your ride. There is, moreover, even greater exhilaration in riding thus in company; and, indeed, so keenly do cyclists realise that on the roads it is not good for man to be alone, that you constantly find in the cycling papers tourists advertising for companions; even strangers seeming to them better than no one.

The sad accident that happened to a cyclist a few days ago, the account of which you have probably all seen in the daily press, reminds one of the fact, too apt to be forgotten, that even on these road-runs there is need of care; and it makes one feel, too, that the simplest directions cannot be too often repeated.

The accident, which proved fatal, was due to the rider's entire loss of control over his machine as he came down a rather steep hill. He was going at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, without the least power to stop or to slacken speed, and as he passed a tandem in front of him his pedal caught in its wheel, and a terrible header was the result.

It is one of the most elementary lessons in cycling to learn how to manage a machine on a down grade, and, perhaps for this very reason, it is one which is most often unheeded. No matter what or where the hill, or however familiar you may be with its surface and its twists and turns, you should never for one moment let the machine from under your control. If you feel it beginning to run away with you, get off backwards. Learn to dismount by jumping backwards off your machine; it is the only escape at such times from an accident, and it can be learned, though many riders never take the trouble to practise this manner of dismounting even from an ordinary. Spread your legs wide apart and throw yourself backwards. You can dismount from any ordinary or safety or front-steering bicycle in this way. You may stumble and come on your face; but you had better do that than break your neck, which is probably what you will do if you stay on a runaway machine. But there is no reason why it should get away with you unless something smashes. Even if you can see to the bottom of the hill, and the way is clear before you, keep your brake in hand, and be ready to back-pedal.

Of course you must know how to back-pedal. If you do not, avoid every down-grade until you have learned. Make sure that your brake is good and strong. I have had mine give way at the top of an eight-miles coast. There is always somewhat of a strain in holding the brake; but some excellent brake-holders, easily regulated, have been made both in England and France, and I have no doubt the manufacturer of your machine could furnish you with one, adjusting it for you.

The N.C.U. has again reminded the public of the good work its sub-committee is doing in the railway-rates tariff matter, and of the money this work will cost. Just now, during the touring season, the necessity of regulating the tariff is most keenly felt, and there is not a cyclist who ought not to contribute to the fund, no matter how little.

A very good suggestion was made the other day in one of the evening papers, that the C.T.C. out of its greater plenty should in this matter come to the help of the less-prosperous N.C.U. If the latter body succeeds in its present undertaking, it will do much to restore its credit with a cycling public which has not at present great faith in its efficiency.

N.C.U.

CYCLISTS OF TO-DAY.—No. 2.

MR. C. A. "BATH ROAD" SMITH

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MUSIC & THE DRAMA

WHAT *can* it matter whether Wagner's operas are sung at Covent-Garden in German, in Italian, or in French? I see some critics are finding fault with Mr. Augustus Harris for performing "Die Meistersinger" of Wagner at the Royal Italian Opera in Italian on Saturday night last. But why not? As a matter of fact, neither the German nor Italian, nor French nor English, for the matter of that, can be understood as sung by vocalists, who almost invariably think only of the music. It is only by the libretto-book that the singers can be followed. This is as true of English Opera as of Italian Opera. "Die Meistersinger," then, suffered not a jot as produced in Italian at Covent-Garden. Wagner's melodious opera charmed all hearers, and added yet another laurel to the brow of the clever young impresario, who is representing lyric drama so magnificently as to enchant London Society, and to deeply gratify likewise the enthusiastic operagoers, who fill the amphitheatre and gallery. Fortunate to have that unsurpassably sweet Queen of Song, Madame Albani, to witch us as Eva; and M. Jean De Reszké to fling out his rich tenor notes as Walter Von Stolzing; and M. Lassalle to vie with him as Hans Sachs; Signor Abramoff as a robust Pogner; with M. Winowgradow, the Russian baritone, and also M. Montariol in the cast, the Covent-Garden entrepreneur favoured his patrons with a memorably fine performance of "Die Meistersinger," which Signor Mancinelli conducted with habitual *verve*. The host of music-lovers who have grown to admire Wagner, and to be moved by his music as no other composer moves them, very heartily applauded "Die Meistersinger," which was down for repetition on Thursday.

Mr. H. Beerbohm-Tree—the most artistic of our comedians, inasmuch as he has the rare power of completely losing his identity in each new part he plays—has done well to revive a series of his Haymarket successes for the closing nights of his season. A tall, fair, slender man off the stage, of singularly quiet aspect, Mr. Tree looked more himself on Monday night as the poor, ragged poet Gringoire than he did in his excellent character study of the aged and gouty Russian police spy, Paul Demetrius, of shambling gait, ruddy face, and frosty pow—somewhat like unto Lord Sherbrooke in general appearance. *Facile princeps* in the matter of make-up, Mr. Tree is a constant surprise to me. Look at his masterly creations of the Rev. Robert Spalding in "The Private Secretary," of Macari in "Called Back," of the Greek adventurer in "The Glass of Fashion," and of the skilfully contrasted heroes of "Wealth" and "Captain Swift," and compare them with his sentimental Gringoire and astute, lozenge-loving Paul Demetrius, and own that in his particular line the clever Actor-Manager of the Haymarket is supreme. Yes: in "The Ballad Monger" and "The Red Lamp" Mr. Tree and the Haymarket company yielded unqualified pleasure on Monday.

The English version of Theodore de Banville's "Gringoire" is, perhaps, the most popular in Mr. Tree's repertory. The singular "grip" and power of Mr. W. Outram Tristram's "Red Lamp" also enchained the audience. We were all engrossed in the Nihilist plot to blow up the Czar by dynamite; and in the sly machinations of Paul Demetrius to checkmate the Russian Princess, who warns prominent Nihilists of their intended arrest by placing a red lamp in her window as a danger-signal. I have never seen Mrs. Tree act with such intensity and force as she does in the rôle of the Princess Claudian Morakoff. Mr. Brookfield, too, shines both as the King in "The Ballad-Monger" (though his Louis XI. is a *leetle* too like Mr. Irving's) and as the Nihilist Zazzulie. Miss Norreys is charming in both pieces. Mr. Macklin enhances his reputation by his manly assumption of the American journalist, Allan Villiers, in "The Red Lamp."

I hear a very favourable account of the new farcical piece, "Aunt Jack," by Mr. Ralph L. Lumley, at the Court, where Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Arthur Cecil have scored again. I'll report on "Aunt Jack" when I have interviewed the vivacious and amusing lady who made us all laugh in Sydney Grundy's "Mamma."

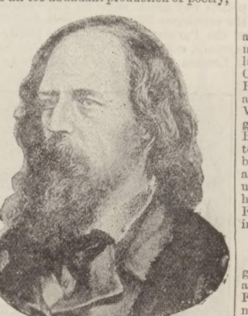
The dainty grace Kate Vaughan is renowned for in dancing was first acquired on the music-hall stage. The poetry of motion as embodied by lightsome Kate is emulated by an accomplished and charming young couple at the Royal, the Sisters Sylvia, whose lace-petticoat duet is as captivating as the noted quartette at the Gaiety.

THESPIS.

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

Lord Tennyson.

IN spite of the all too abundant production of poetry, the news that we are to have a new volume from Lord Tennyson will be received with sincerest gratification. The experience of the last few years has proved that age has in no way destroyed the Laureate's power. One is thankful, however, that it is not a drama which the poet has promised us. Of lengthy Tennysonian dramas we have enough and to spare. "Harold," "Queen Mary," and the rest are read by few. But the "Tiresias" volume of 1886 contained work as great as anything which Tennyson has ever written—"Rizpah" in particular. One example in English literature, however, of poetry produced at eighty—that of Wordsworth, who died, by the way, at that age, is not encouraging. But then we must remember that Goethe was writing the second part of "Faust" at fourscore.



THE POET LAUREATE.

Biography and Pig-killing.

The world which loves biography, and particularly biography full of personalities, is not likely to gain much from Tennyson, if we may judge from a speech he once made to Sir Henry Taylor. "I believe that every vice and every crime in the world," he said, "are connected with the passion for autographs and anecdotes and records. The desiring anecdotes and acquaintance with the lives of great men is treating them like pigs to be ripped open for the public." This extreme view of Lord Tennyson's is not likely to be moderated by the fate which has befallen one of his dearest friends, the late Edward Fitzgerald.

The Personalities of Poets.

For is not the most important literary event of the week Robert Browning's extraordinary poem in the *Athenæum?*

TO EDWARD FITZGERALD.

"I chanced upon a new book yesterday
I opened it, and, where my finger lay
'Twixt page and uncut page, these words I read—
Some six or seven at most—and learned thereby
That you, Fitzgerald, whom by ear and eye
She never knew, 'thanked God my wife was dead.'

"Ay, dead! and were yourself alive, good Fitz,
How to return you thanks would task my wits.
Kicking you seems the common lot of curs—
While more appropriate greeting lends you grace,
Surely to spit there glorifies your face—
Spitting from lips once sanctified by hers."

July 8, 1889. ROBERT BROWNING.

Edward Fitzgerald.

Many of my readers will, perhaps, be tempted to ask something about Edward Fitzgerald. He was a modest, scholarly man who did a valuable amount of literary work in a quiet way. His translations from Calderon are good; but it is by his rendering of the Persian poet Omar Khayyám that he will live for all time. Fitzgerald resided for many years at Woodbridge, in Suffolk; and his eccentricity may be gathered from the fact that when his old friend Barton, the Quaker, died, he left his daughter, Lucy, to Fitzgerald's charge. Fitzgerald married the girl, but left her at the church door, and hardly saw her again. Of course, he settled a handsome provision upon his wife. Tennyson has dedicated a poem to him, and ever bears him in memory as "dear old Fitz." As he loves Browning also, he will be grieved indeed at all that this passage-of-arms implies.

A New Edition.

The quarrel is apropos of a new edition of Fitzgerald's works, which is edited by Mr. Aldis Wright, and contains many letters never before published. Fitzgerald was, himself, one of the most cautious of men, and destroyed all the letters he had received from Carlyle, Thackeray, and Tennyson. However, one of his own letters which is inserted in the new volume runs as follows, and hence Browning's lines: "Mrs. Browning's death is rather a relief to me, I must say: no more Aurora Leighs, thank God! A woman of real genius, I know: but what is the upshot of it all? She and her sex had better mind the kitchen and their children; and perhaps the poor: except in such things as little novels, they only devote themselves to what men do much better, leaving that which men do worse or not at all."

An Apology for Fitz.

Now it is quite possible to make too much of these words. In the first place, they were never meant for the public; in the second, they do not imply any ill-will to Mrs. Browning, (sweetest and noblest of women, whom the writer never knew; and, thirdly, they are the kind of thing which men say every day, without meaning more than a severe criticism. I am sure I wish Mr. Lewis Morris may live a thousand years; but when I noticed, the other day, that we were to have another poem in the style of the "Epic of Hades," I shuddered, and felt like murder. To some of Mr. Lewis Morris's more enthusiastic admirers I must seem a fiend indeed.—TATLER.

The Music-Hall Tragedy.—At Lambeth Police-Court, last Monday, Nathaniel Currah, fifty-three, engineer, was charged on remand, before Mr. Biron, Q.C., with the wilful murder of George Thomas Goring, better known as Letine, by stabbing him with a knife outside the stage-door of the Canterbury Music-Hall on June 21, under circumstances already reported. The prisoner was committed for trial at the Central Criminal Court.

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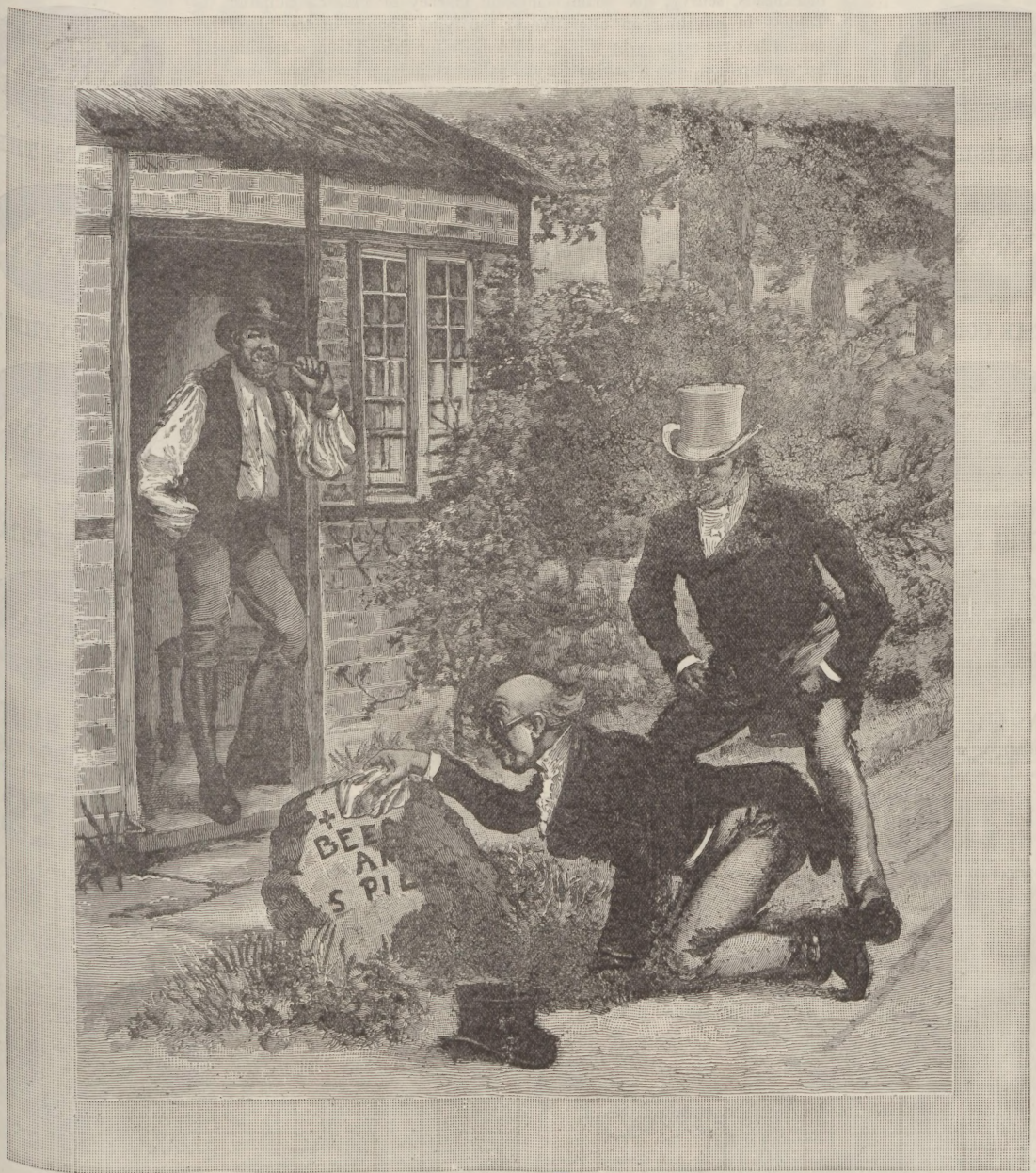

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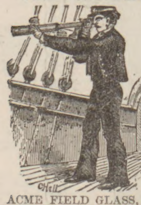

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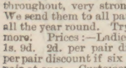

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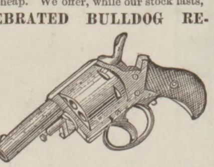

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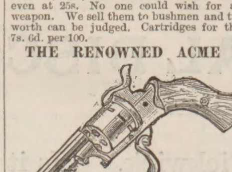

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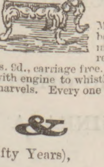

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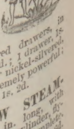

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